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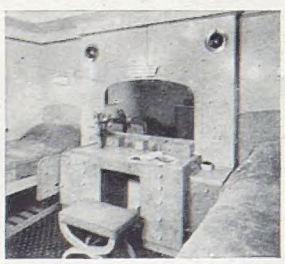

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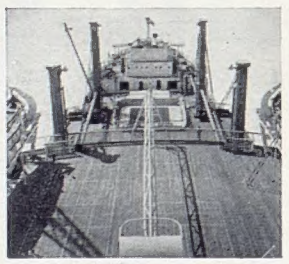

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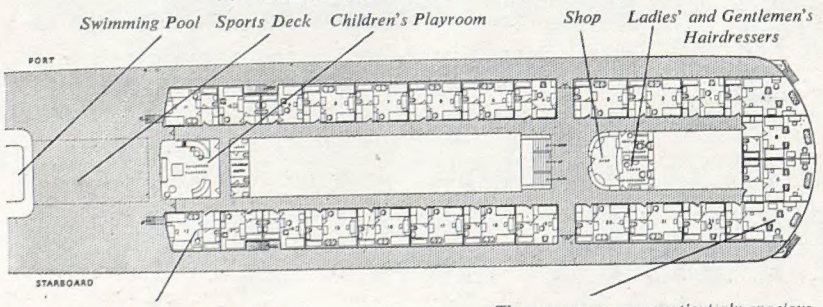

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Volume CCXLII No. 3136

THE SPHERE

LONDON, July 9, 1960

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THE KING OF SIAM ON TOUR

In Washington, King Bhumipol and Queen Sirikit of Siam ride with President Eisenhower on their way to the White House at the start of their State visit. The King and Queen are going to Switzerland for a short holiday before coming to London on July 19 on a three-day State visit, as the guests of Queen Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh at Buckingham Palace. They will be met at Gatwick Airport by Princess Alexandra, and later will drive in a carriage procession, with a Sovereign's escort of Household Cavalry, through the streets of London. Among the engagements announced for King Bhumipol and Queen Sirikit are a state banquet and an official luncheon at Guildhall. They are to leave Gatwick Airport for Switzerland on July 23 for another short holiday, before starting on an extended tour of thirteen European countries. Another Head of State who is engaged on a tour of Europe is President Frondizi of the Argentine Republic, due in London on an official visit this week. From Britain he is to go to Spain before returning to the Argentine

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NEWS SUMMARY

Aid for Under-developed Countries; the Cuban Crisis; the Labour Party and Defence; Final Agreement on Cyprus

INTERNATIONAL

The nine nations of the Western Development Assistance Group—Britain, United States, France, Canada, Belgium, Italy, Japan and West Germany—were due to meet in **Bonn** last Tuesday. The Group was set up as a result of the Western Pre-Summit meeting in Paris at the beginning of the year. Its task is to co-ordinate assistance to under-developed countries. West Germany was expected to be asked to make a special contribution for this purpose in appreciation of Allied aid to the Federal Republic after the war.

Reports from **New York** indicated that Britain was likely to call for a special session of the United Nations Disarmament Commission. The Commission consists of the eighty-two members of the United Nations Assembly and the abortive ten-power disarmament conference at Geneva was a sub-committee appointed by it. At the meeting Britain would raise the question of the Communist walk-out last week from the Geneva talks and show that Russia and her satellites were entirely responsible for the breakdown of the conference. This, it was hoped, would be an effective counter to the Soviet propaganda attempting to put the blame for the breakdown on the West.

GREAT BRITAIN

The domestic political scene became overshadowed last week-end by the grave anxiety over Mr. Aneurin Bevan's illness. On Monday morning the bulletin issued through Transport House stated that the deputy Labour leader "has had a comfortable night, but his general condition is unchanged." Mr. Bevan had a major abdominal operation in December last. He returned to his home to convalesce in February and two months later went on holiday to Brighton. Soon after this it was announced he was suffering from thrombo-phlebitis in the leg, but was responding to treatment.

In **London** the Labour Party's internal disputes were carried a stage further last week. Mr. Gaitskell received an overwhelming vote of confidence from the Parliamentary Party, which also supported his defence policy. This envisages the abandonment of an independent nuclear deterrent for Britain but relies on the United States nuclear deterrent under Nato control. The T.U.C. General Council also approved the defence policy by eighteen votes to five. Mr. Frank Cousins was among the opponents.

At **Llandudno,** the powerful National Union of Mineworkers was to start its annual conference on Monday. Its deliberations on both the defence policy and the controversial Clause Four (regarding nationalisation) were being watched with interest.

At **Cannock Chase** last Saturday Mr. Gaitskell turned his attention to problems outside his party and attacked "the scandal of the colossal prices for urban land and the shocking muddle over town-planning." At **Chesterfield** a Liberal M.P., Mr. Wade, took up this question. He suggested that the solution was a site value tax on all land, except agricultural land, which was not restricted by town-planning development.

CUBA

The long period of Premier Castro's bitter attacks on the U.S. reached a climax last week-end. Ever since the revolution in 1959, he has been seeking ways of becoming less dependent on the U.S., which, in fact, liberated the island from Spanish rule at the end of the nineteenth century. In the face of the American State Department's policy of refusing to be riled by Premier Castro, the Cuban Government became even more denunciatory. Then, in Washington last week, the House of Representatives initiated a stronger policy when it approved an extension of the Sugar Act which included authority for the President to cut the quota of American imports of Cuban sugar in 1960 and stop it in 1961. Since the U.S. pays for Cuban sugar at above world prices, the quota involves a large subsidy to Cuba. In retaliation, the Cuban Government seized the Texaco Oil Company's refinery at Santiago. Their reason was the company had refused to refine Russian crude oil, which Cuba had obtained at a special cheap rate. Following the action, Shell announced that it would stop sending oil to its Cuban refinery. The oil companies saw the Cuban action as a challenge to their policy of using their own crude oil from Venezuela. Following this, the Cuban Government seized the other two refineries on the island, one British and one American. In order to obtain enough crude oil for the refineries to run (and over last week-end it was reported that at least one was at a standstill) crude oil started to arrive from the Soviet Union. Some 1,150,000 tons were promised, but this was by no means enough. Another move in the economic war was an international fuel boycott against Cuba, which led to the state-owned Cuban airline being forced to suspend some of its flights. Premier Castro's problem is one of money. Should President Eisenhower use the discretionary powers authorised by Congress to cut the sugar quota, it could mean a loss of roughly £53,000,000 a year to Cuba. (The island normally sends about 3,000,000 tons of sugar a year to the U.S.) For Premier Castro to find tankers to transport oil to keep the refineries going and to run the Cuban airlines, he needs cash payments in dollars.

THE UNITED STATES

The Democratic Party, like the Labour Party in Britain, has a custom of airing its dirty linen in public. At **Independence** in Missouri, Mr. Truman, the Democrats' last President of the U.S.A., made a bitter attack on Senator John Kennedy in a Press conference televised throughout the U.S. He said that Senator Kennedy's supporters had "fixed" the Democratic National Convention on July 11 to guarantee him nomination as the Presidential candidate. Mr. Truman also attacked Senator Kennedy for not being old or mature enough to be President. This outburst by Mr. Truman was regarded as a last-minute attempt to find support for Senator Symington, of Missouri, his choice as Presidential candidate. His allegations of rigging were interpreted by Senator Kennedy's supporters as meaning that Mr. Truman was against any convention that was not rigged in favour of his own candidate. Senator Kennedy immediately asked for time on television to answer Mr. Truman's attack.

CYPRUS

On July 1 came news of the full agreement on the outstanding questions regarding the future of Cyprus. The negotiations, with their many ups and downs, had taken sixteen months from the Zurich Agreement which ended the civil war. The two main points on which the talks had been held up for so long were the area of the British military bases on the island and British financial aid to Cyprus. In the final negotiations it was agreed Britain was to have an area of 99 square miles for the bases (this was 21 square miles less than the area Britain had hitherto considered an adequate minimum). Britain's monetary assistance was fixed at £14,000,000 for five years (an increase of £4,000,000 on previous offers). According to Archbishop Makarios, the date when Cyprus will become an independent Republic will be "around the middle of August." For the achievement of this status a considerable number of documents will have to be drawn up. They include three treaties, in which Britain, Greece, Turkey and the Cypriot Republic will be variously concerned; nine exchanges of notes; two formal statements and a draft constitution. It is understood the question of Cyprus's future position within the Commonwealth will not be decided until after independence day. Should the island apply for full membership, the request will have to be considered by all the members of the Commonwealth Prime Ministers' Conference.

FRANCE

Following the meetings at **Melun,** near Paris, of representatives of the Algerian Nationalists and of the French Government, there were differing reports of the success of the talks. But it was clear that the French Government was not giving ground. The points of discord between the two sides appeared to be: (1) the Algerian National Liberation Front (F.L.N.) wanted to negotiate directly with General de Gaulle. The French conceded that a meeting between Ferhat Abbas, the F.L.N. "Prime Minister," and General de Gaulle might be arranged when the negotiations were nearly completed. (2) The F.L.N. wanted contact with Algerian Nationalist leaders detained in France. This was refused. (3) The F.L.N. wanted their delegation to be able to meet sympathisers in Paris and representatives of the Press. This was also refused.

In **Paris,** M. Vincent Auriol, President of the Fourth Republic from 1946 to 1953, resigned from the Constitutional Council. He cited three cases in which wrongfully, in his opinion, the Council was not asked to give its advice. Established by the 1958 constitution, the Council was formed to examine laws before they are promulgated. (It is the nearest to a Constitutional court that France possesses.) M. Auriol contends that the Council cannot of its own initiative examine laws, not referred to it, even when they appear to be unconstitutional. He said that the regime is "tending towards a system of personal and arbitrary power in opposition to the essential rules and principles of democracy."

AUSTRIA

Vienna showed little enthusiasm for Mr. Khrushchev when he arrived for his nine-day visit to Austria. The attitude of the population of the Austrian capital may have been intended as a reminder that their country's neutrality is guaranteed under the Peace Treaty by both East and West. Undismayed, the Soviet Prime Minister proceeded to deliver a series of attacks on the West. In several speeches he continued his campaign of abuse against President Eisenhower, and speaking during a tour of the former Nazi concentration camp at **Mauthausen** he assailed Dr. Adenauer and West Germany. In private talks with the Austrian Government leaders, Mr. Khrushchev was reported to have told them that he was proposing to use the United Nations as a forum for his disarmament plans; that he would press for China's admission to U.N.; and that he would continue to threaten to make a separate peace treaty with East Germany unless his demands over Berlin were met.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

RIOTS IN GENOA PREVENT A MEETING OF ITALY'S MODERN FASCISTS

There were riots in Genoa, Italy, last week, when the sixth National Congress of the Movimento Sociale Italiano, the Italian neo-Fascist Party, was due to open. As a result of the disorders, in which nearly 70 policemen and about 50 civilians were injured, the congress was cancelled and 65 people were arrested. A hostile crowd surrounded the hotel in which many of the neo-Fascist delegates for the congress were staying, and they had to leave in small groups under police protection. It was alleged by the leaders of the Socialist and Social Democrat parties in Italy, that the responsibility for the riots rested on the Christian Democrat Government, which at present remains in power only with the parliamentary support of the neo-Fascist members

SIGNING CONGO'S INDEPENDENCE

KING BAUDOUIN AND PRESIDENT KASAVUBU

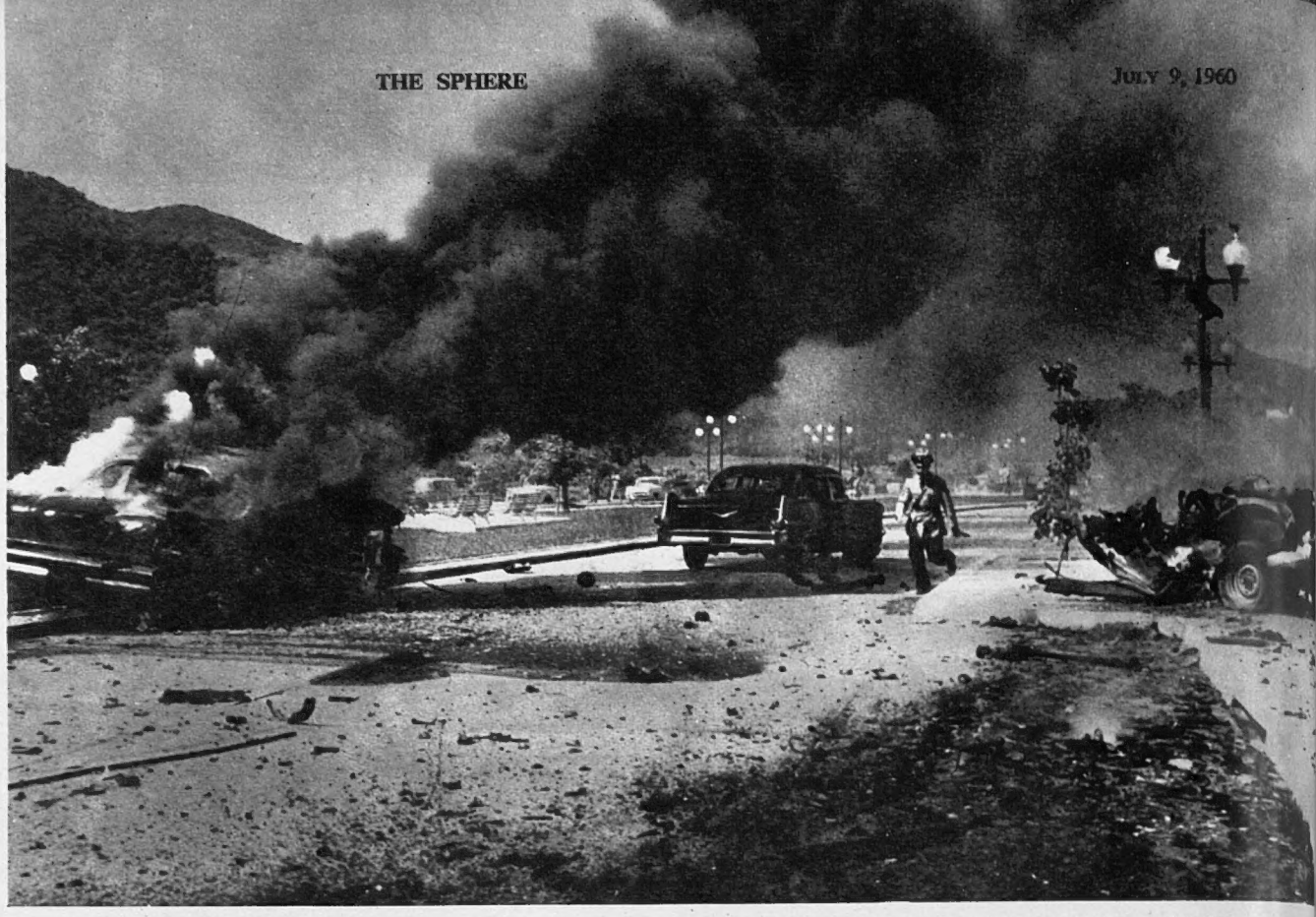
The formalities by which Belgian Congo formally became the sovereign state of Congo were duly carried out on June 30 in Leopoldville. M. Gaston Eyskens, the Belgian Prime Minister, and M. Patrice Lumumba, the Prime Minister of the new Congo, sat together to sign the Act of Independence. King Baudouin of the Belgians, who had flown from Brussels, and M. Kasavubu, the Congolese President, were cheered as they drove through the streets. The King, who was guest of honour at the celebrations, was reported to have been upset by a violent speech from M. Lumumba in which he bitterly attacked Belgian colonialism. The Proclamation of Independence brought no respite in the tribal rivalries. On the following day there was fierce fighting between the Bayaka and the Bakongo tribes near Leopoldville. Six men were seriously injured

REINFORCEMENTS IN ANGOLA

Far left: General Monteiro Liborio, the Commander-in-Chief in Angola, inspects soldiers on their arrival in Luanda, the capital, from Lisbon. Reinforcements of Portuguese troops have been sent during recent weeks to the Portuguese overseas province, adjoining Congo. The authorities in Angola fear trouble among their natives as a result of Congo's independence

MR. KUTCHUK, MR. AMERY AND ARCHBISHOP MAKARIOS

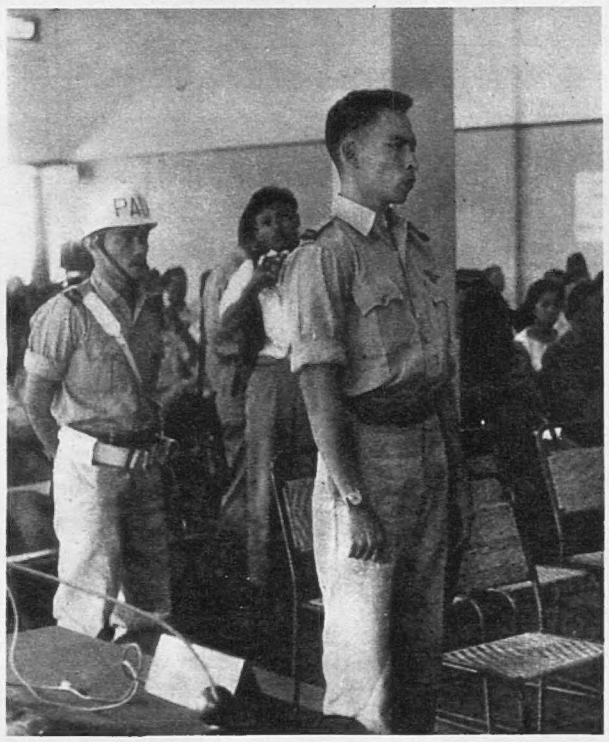
Mr. Julian Amery, Britain's Colonial Under-Secretary, is flanked by the Turkish Cypriot leader and the Greek Cypriot leader as they leave Government House in Nicosia, after the future of the island had been resolved. In a broadcast afterwards, Archbishop Makarios, President-elect of the Republic, said he believed "a new era of friendship and co-operation had been inaugurated"



As President Betancourt of Venezuela was driving through Caracas to an Army Day celebration, an attempt was made on his life. Dynamite placed in a parked car and exploded by remote control showered the procession. The Presidential car was hit by blazing fragments, caught fire and was burnt out. Senor Betancourt suffered severe burns on one hand and slight burns on his head. One of his guards was killed. Government circles described the attempt on the President's life as "an isolated act of terrorism engineered from abroad." The President himself, in a broadcast from hospital, accused the former Venezuelan dictator, Perez Jimenez, whom he ousted last year, of being implicated

PRESIDENT BETANCOURT'S CAR IN FLAMES AFTER THE EXPLOSION. THE VENEZUELAN LEADER WAS INJURED

In the Indonesian capital, Daniel Alexander Maukar, a twenty-eight-year-old pilot in the Indonesian Air Force, stands in the court room. He was alleged to have taken-off in his Mig-17 jet aircraft on March 9 and to have machine-gunned the palace of President Sukarno. He was also alleged to have fired on a fishing village, wounding 17 people



A PILOT ON TRIAL IN JAKARTA

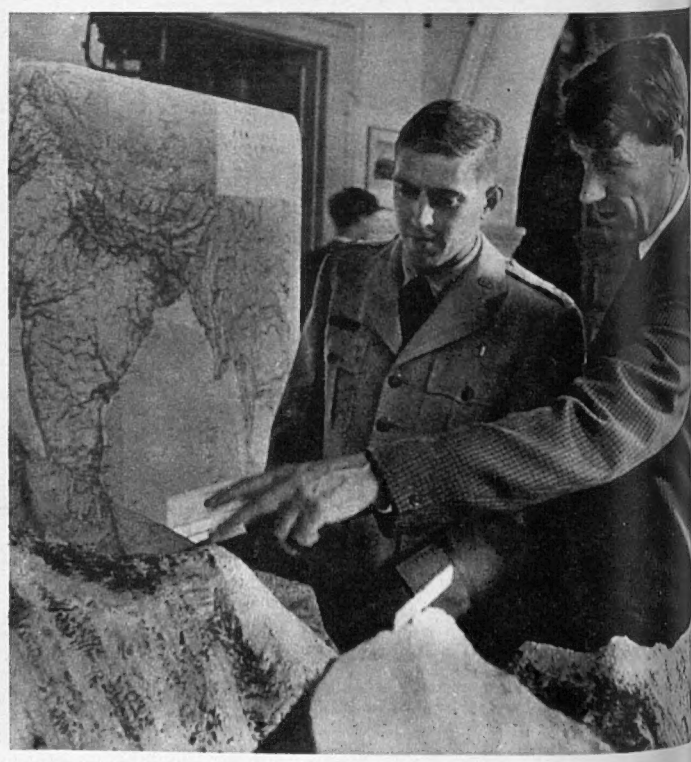
Far right: M. Jules Moch (left) and Mr. Ormsby-Gore arrive for the session which adjourned the Ten-Power Disarmament Conference in Geneva. Only the five Western delegates attended. On the previous day the five Soviet-bloc representatives had walked out. The Western members (Britain, France, U.S.A., Canada and Italy) sat in silence for ten minutes before Mr. Ormsby-Gore took the chair so that the unhappy conference could be formally adjourned

WESTERN DELEGATES AT THE DISARMAMENT TALKS

Mr. P. J. Wallace, in the British Colonial Service in Nigeria, stands on a peak of the 24,000-ft. Ganesh mountain in the Nepalese Himalayas. He hoisted the flags of Nepal and Northern Nigeria on the summit. It was thought to have been the first time an African flag had flown from the top of a Himalayan peak

AFRICAN FLAG ON TOP OF A HIMALAYAN PEAK

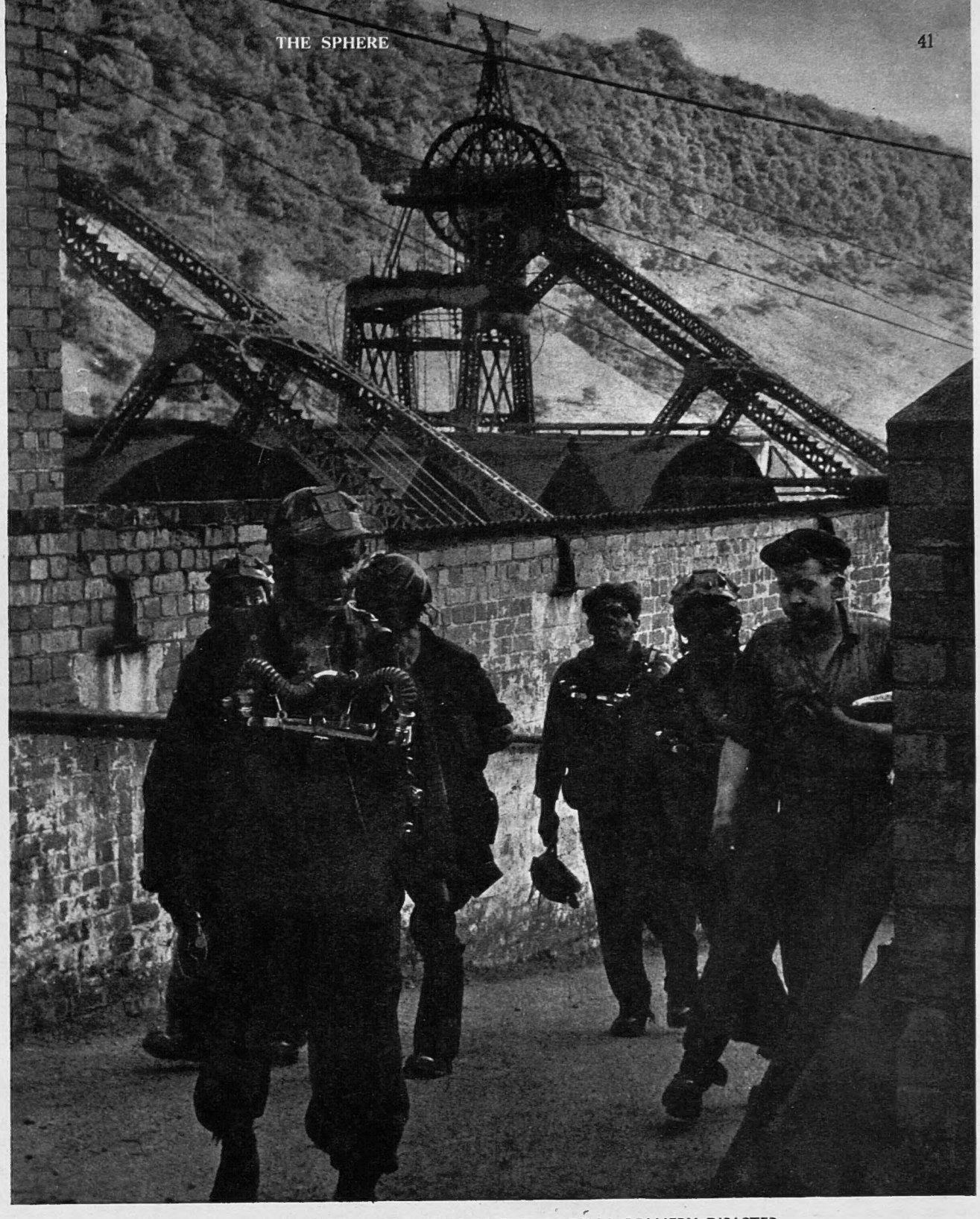
Far right: At the Royal Geographical Society, in London, Dr. Tom Nevison, of the United States, and Sir Edmund Hillary discuss with the aid of models and maps, their forthcoming expedition to the Himalaya. Sir Edmund, the leader, said their objects will be to find the Yeti, or Abominable Snowman, to carry out detailed physiological research into the effects of living at high altitudes, and to climb the 27,790-ft. peak, Makalu. The expedition will use twelve cameras to try to photograph the Abominable Snowman



EXPEDITION TO FIND THE ABOMINABLE SNOWMAN

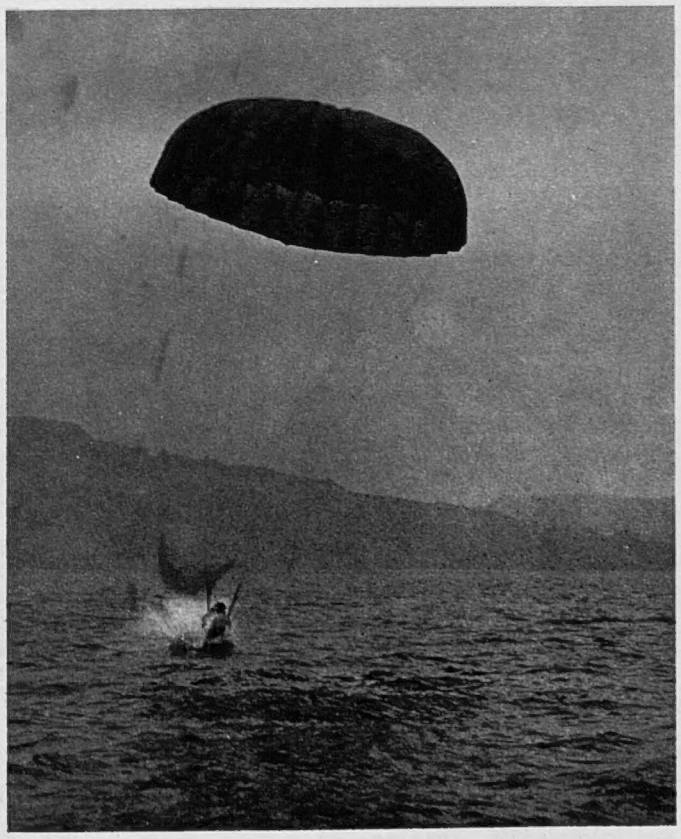
THE NEWS IN PICTURES

It was announced that an official inquiry would be held into the causes of the disaster at the Six Bells Colliery, near Abertillery, Monmouthshire, where forty-five men died last week. Reports indicated that there were several roof falls after an explosion in the mine. The men were trapped some 1,000 ft. below ground, and about a mile-and-a-quarter from the pit shaft. The Marine Colliery, Cwm, where fifty-two men died in a disaster in 1927, is near the area where the explosion was reported in the Six Bells Colliery. At the time of the Six Bells tragedy a maintenance shift was in the mine, but there was no production shift working underground. Ninety men, divided into fifteen rescue teams, worked through the night of June 28-29 in an attempt to reach the bodies. Working conditions were made extremely difficult by the falls of roof, and by the foul air in the mine. At the pit-head hundreds of men, women and children, who were relatives and friends of the trapped miners, gathered to wait for news. Officials of the National Union of Mineworkers went from house to house in the village to give the names of the men involved. The Queen sent a message to the authorities in which she said: "I am deeply distressed to learn of the serious accident at the Six Bells Colliery. Please convey my heartfelt sympathy to the relatives of those who have lost their lives." The Six Bells Colliery is over sixty years old, and a modernisation programme is being carried out there. It produces coal for the South Wales steelworks



EXHAUSTED MEN COME UP FROM RESCUE OPERATIONS IN THE SIX BELLS COLLIERY DISASTER

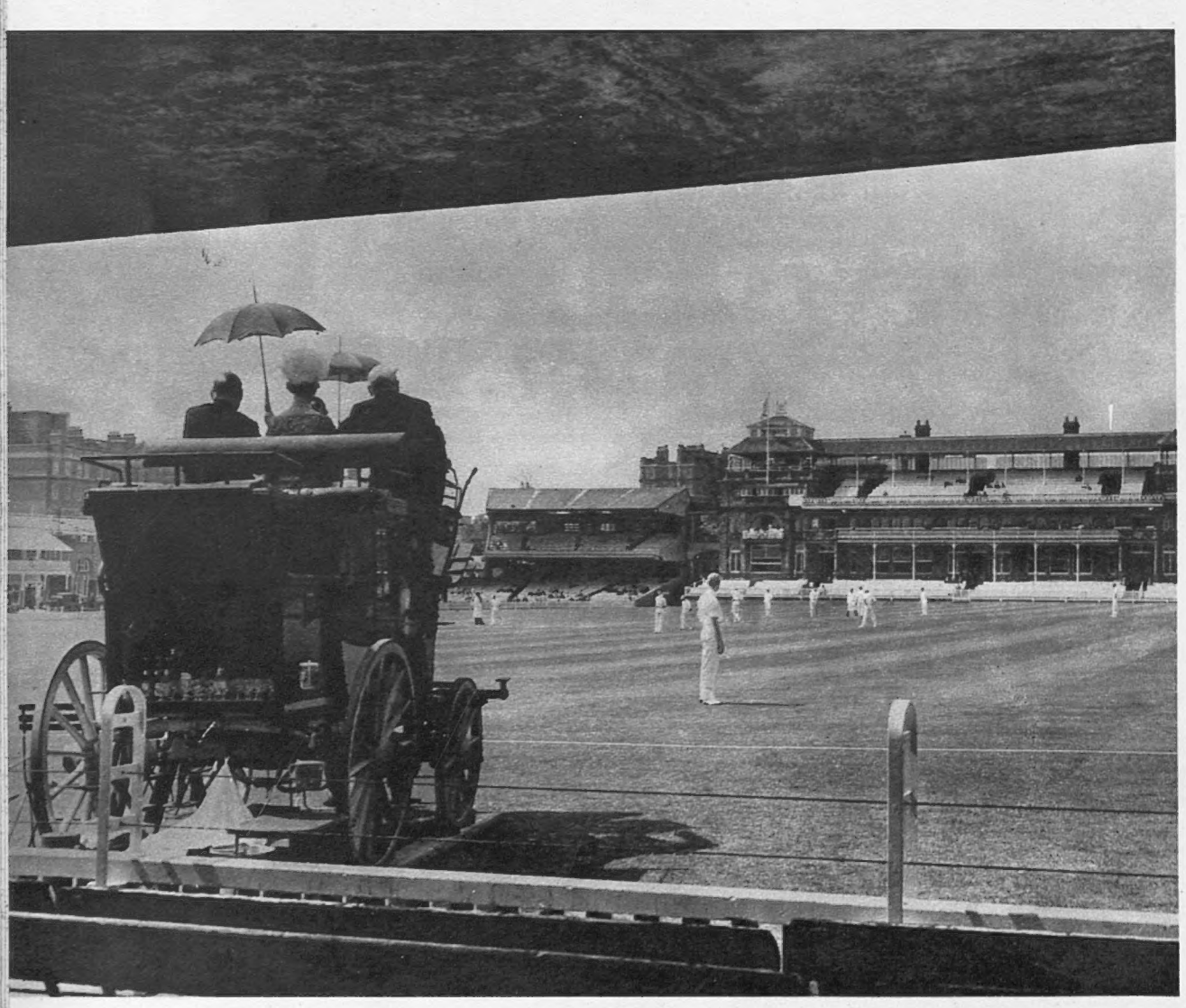
In order to experience for himself a drop into the sea, Air Vice-Marshal Peter Wykeham, Air Officer Commanding the newly-formed Army-R.A.F. 38 (Transport Support) Group, jumped last week from a Pioneer aircraft flying over the Channel, near Lyme Regis, in Dorset. Air Vice-Marshal Wykeham, who is forty-four years old, is responsible for the safe delivery of all para-troops. Although during the war he had to bale out of fighters twice, he had never parachuted into the sea. The morning before he jumped, the Air Vice-Marshal underwent pre-parachute training. Then he, and other senior members of his headquarters staff, took off from the R.A.F. station at Abingdon to fly over Lyme Regis. Launches went out to pick up the distinguished parachutist from the sea about a mile off the coast



A SENIOR OFFICER PARACHUTES INTO THE SEA

THE DROP IS COMPLETED

In the final of the Grand Challenge Cup, at Henley Royal Regatta, Molesey pass the winning-post a third of a length ahead of Oxford University. It was the first time for eleven years that two British crews had been in the Grand final



The Eton and Harrow match at Lord's, which Harrow won for the first time since 1954. The game will be reported in *The Sphere* series on public schools cricket, in the issue of July 23

A WEEK-END OF SPORT

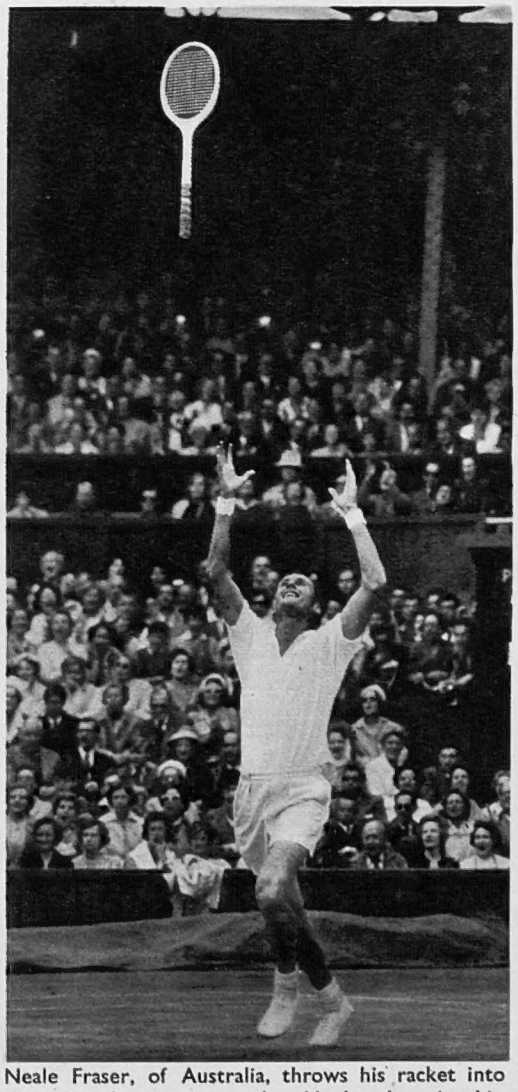
Last week-end was one of the most important of the year in the sporting calendar. In the finals at Henley there was some excellent racing. Eton won the Ladies; in the All-American contest for the Thames, Harvard triumphed over Detroit; and Shrewsbury beat King's Canterbury in the Princess Elizabeth Cup. From the finalists in the Grand—Molesey and Oxford University—Britain's representatives in the eights and the fours will be nominated for the Olympic Games after the Olympic Trials at Henley next Monday.

At the end of the Wimbledon fortnight, the Seeding Committee had reason to congratulate themselves. The No. 1 men's seed, Neale Fraser, after several years of comparative failure in the Championships, beat his fellow-Australian, Rod Laver, in an exciting final: 6—4, 3—6, 9—7, 7—5. And Maria Bueno, the holder and first seed, beat Sandra Reynolds, of South Africa, 8—6, 6—0, to confirm that she is one of the most outstanding women players since the war. There was a pleasant surprise for Britain in the Men's Doubles with the appearance in the final of M. G. Davies and R. K. Wilson, the first British players to reach this stage since G. P. Hughes and C. R. D. Tuckey in 1936. But in this year's final, Davies and Wilson were outplayed by the young scratch pair, R. D. Ralston, of the U.S., and R. H. Osuna, of Mexico, in three sets. Miss Bueno appeared again in a final on the centre court, when she and Miss Darlene Hard beat the South African pair, Miss Reynolds and Miss R. Schuurman, in the Women's Doubles, 6—4, 6—0; and again, when she and R. N. Howe, of Australia, lost the Mixed Doubles to Rod Laver and Miss Hard, 13—11, 3—6, 8—6.

On a glittering sea are some of the 226 yachts which set off from Cowes for the Island Sailing Club's twenty-fourth round-the-island race. J. A. Boyden's *Flica II* was the first to complete the 60-mile race round the Isle of Wight last week-end, taking just under ten hours

At Wimbledon, Maria Bueno and Darlene Hard win the Women's Doubles title

The winners of the Men's Doubles—R. H. Osuna, of Mexico, and R. D. Ralston, U.S.



Neale Fraser, of Australia, throws his racket into the air, having won the Men's championship

Maria Bueno, of Brazil, beats Sandra Reynolds to retain the Women's Singles championship which she had won last year

JOHN CONNELL

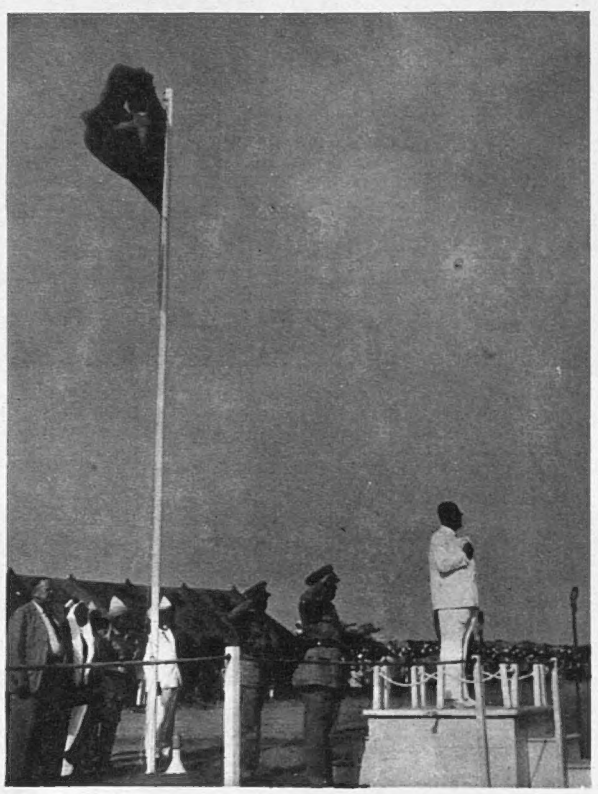
BLOWING AT GALE FORCE

The wind of change has become within a few months, as some of us grimly anticipated, a howling tempest which is sweeping across Africa like a hurricane. I am afraid that many who welcomed its first stirrings, who let it flap their pretty little banners of freedom, democracy and the progressive evolution of parliamentary government are in for some severe and painful shocks. Even now there is, in this country at any rate, far too much easy optimism about the eventual outcome of all these swirling processes, and far too little desire or capacity to comprehend their perilous, and probably tragic, implications.

As late as a fortnight ago, on the eve of a sudden skelter to " independence " in a number of territories across the whole breadth of the continent, Lord Home, the Secretary of State for Commonwealth Relations, disregarding the evidence of social and political chaos which was rapidly accumulating, observed in a speech which he made in Essex: " We are beginning to realise that no solution for Africa can be found on the road of extreme and exclusive nationalism, whether white or black. With that conviction has come a fresh sense of responsibility and a recognition that if an example of partnership between African and European is to be set, it must be done by Britain in Kenya and in the Federation where our writ still runs."

These amiable propositions are, alas, in the terms of practical politics in the middle of 1960, both tardy and irrelevant. They are not dissimilar from the aspirations of the Capricorn Africa Society, as they were formulated five years ago under David Stirling's leadership. But they are now, in the midst of what is happening, about as futile—however generous and gallant—as a World War II Spitfire would be against a modern guided missile with a thermo-nuclear warhead. The only kind of partnership which African nationalist leaders are going to accept nowadays will be imposed on their terms, and not on Whitehall's, and it will mean the political, economic and social subordination of white minorities to ruling black majorities in every newly independent country. How British politicians and commentators can pretend to themselves, as well as to others, that there can be any other conclusion to the present course of events all over Africa I cannot for the life of me understand. This is a matter on which the African leaders—even the most " moderate " amongst them—are not prepared to compromise. *They want power*, and they will exercise it relentlessly in what they think to be their own interests.

Such an exercise is bound to be, in the long run as well as in the short run, profoundly and permanently injurious to every European minority in Africa. The more outspoken African politicians do not scruple to say so, although their friends and apologists in the United Kingdom scurry into print, and on to platforms, to point out that there is no meaning in these dark and fierce threats and that once they have the power they want, the African leaders will be miracles of benevolence, tolerance, wisdom and foresight.



In Hargeisa, Somaliland, the Prime Minister, Mohammed Haji Ibrahim Egal, stands on the dais under the State's new flag during independence celebrations

Of what value are these earnest, doubtless completely well-intentioned, protestations of moderation, even when they are made on behalf of leaders in territories where there is no white settler minority? The first action of that fantastic six-day mayfly of an independent state, Somaliland, was to denounce the long-standing treaty between Britain and Ethiopia defining the border between the latter country and what had been, until Sunday, June 26, British Somaliland. Nothing was easier, once British authority was ended; nothing could be more precipitate or more dangerous. It was an exercise in independent sovereignty, entered into with a blithe disregard for the sanctity of treaties and the rights and responsibilities of a hitherto friendly neighbouring State.

Quite exceptional, say the apologists for African independence. But is it likely so to prove? That same ominous week-end there occurred a whole series of loosely connected incidents, each one of which was a part of the vast process of the transfer of power all over Africa. Two F.L.N. emissaries arrived in Paris to begin negotiations with the French Government, on a basis the knowledge of which had already provoked the deepest alarm among the *colons*. Mr. Kasavubu was sworn in as first President of the Republic of the Congo; six trainer jet aircraft, belonging to Belgium, flew forlornly as a kind of warning over a province which, it was feared, might secede from the new-born Republic, and Mr. Lumumba, the Prime Minister (the Head of State's fierce opponent until he had him kicked upstairs), gave urgent consideration to an offer of Russian economic and technical aid.

Dr. Nkrumah was voted a £3,000 increase on the occasion of his becoming President of his new Republic. A delegation of British Civil Servants from Kenya prepared their case to lay before Mr. Iain Macleod, setting out their fears and anxieties, which have been many and harsh in recent months. And that indefatigable group of do-gooders, the Africa 1960 Committee, sent me a copy of a Press hand-out, expounding *their* anxiety about the political situation in Northern Rhodesia; urging that " non-violent " African political leaders in the territory should be assured by the British Government that there will be constitutional advancement, the steps towards which will not be unduly delayed and must be orderly; and conveying the warning that, if this is not done very soon, there is a danger of " the familiar and regrettable cycle of violence followed by forcible repression."

This sensible and high-minded plea —and I do not use those words ironically —is, in its way, as irrelevant as Lord Home's oracular optimism. For it no longer matters whether the African leaders' aspirations are fulfilled peaceably, at the first nod (as happened in the Congo, to the almost comic dismay of the anti-imperialists whom habit has attached to " the familiar and regrettable cycle "), or whether there has to be a campaign of ritual oath-taking, torture, burying alive and child-murder. The African politician is assured of triumph; he is marching to victory, and prancing in his train comes the witch-doctor.

The barriers of protection for the white minorities are extremely thin. There is something quite heart-breaking in the spectacle of a man like Sir Ferdinand Cavendish-Bentinck, who has given a lifetime of service to Kenya, coming to London to beg Mr. Macleod to provide elementary safeguards for the rights and lives of the white minority in Kenya before it is too late. It adds a final bitter twist to this situation to realise that Sir Ferdinand knows, and I suspect Mr. Macleod knows, that even the most carefully worded Bill of Rights is no protection against the witch-doctor. In a year or two it is the witch-doctor who will decide the fate of the remaining white minorities in black Africa. He is indeed already deciding it; his emissaries have gone to any number of rural villages in rural Kenya, telling the inhabitants that the lands of their white neighbours have been allotted to them, and that very soon the time will come when they can seize what is theirs by right. Against this kind of activity it is valiant of the Kenya Government's Finance Minister to utter a warning about the consequences of the African leaders' threats of expropriation, and to point out the inevitable economic consequences, but it is futile. Expropriation there will be.

That is why it is soberly necessary to plan and prepare now a major rescue operation. Recent history supplies a sombre analogy. In 1931-34 all liberal, civilised opinion was convinced that neither economically nor socially could Germany survive without its prosperous, influential and patriotic Jewish minority. But liberal, civilised opinion reckoned without the witch-doctor and the lout with the whip and the machine-gun. That is an error in our calculations about Africa which we show every sign of making.

When its consequences begin to manifest themselves, when one evil thing after another comes to pass, where then will be the friends of African nationalism? Will those who sowed the wind be there to reap its harvest? With the highest, most altruistic motives these have betrayed their own people. When the storm really bursts, will some flickering sense of their responsibility penetrate their ignorant, priggish minds and their cold, complacent hearts?

Police fire tear gas in the Boulevard Josephine Charlotte, Leopoldville, against demonstrators of the Puna Party

CONFLICTS IN THE CONGO

On the eve of Independence Day (June 30) Belgian Congo continued to be torn by conflicts. Mr. Kasavubu and Mr. Lumumba appeared to have settled their differences when the former became President and the latter took office as Prime Minister. But Mr. Lumumba's choice of ministers for his cabinet was strongly opposed by two of the political parties. The M.N.C. Kalonji party demanded the Ministry of Defence for their leader, Albert Kalonji. The Puna Party claimed this office for one of their members and wanted their leader, Jean Bolikango, to be Vice-President. Both parties demonstrated in Leopoldville and police used tear gas to disperse the Puna marchers. Meanwhile in the south east of the territory, the wealthy Katanga Province was threatening to secede from the rest of Congo and establish itself as a separate independent state.

The Puna demonstrators demanding government posts for their leaders are forced back by armed police

The Duke of Gloucester, Senior Colonel, the Brigade of Guards, lays the foundation-stone of the new Chelsea Barracks, to be built in London

The 3rd Battalion the Grenadier Guards, which is to be placed in suspended animation next year, is inspected at a farewell parade by the Lord Mayor of London, Sir Edmund Stockdale

A London Newsletter

13-15, JOHN ADAM STREET, W.C.2.

"AND MOVED FOR PAPERS." From the debate in the Lords on the state of British newspapers, the Primate's contribution seemed to find most favour with the journalists. Certainly he appeared to see both sides; to cover all the ground he made one or two suggestions within the field of practical politics which might be effective to discourage the worst abuses, in the realms of decency at least. Such efforts can only be persuasive. The Press council cannot acquire teeth, but it might well co-opt some laymen as does the B.M.C. And editors, even rival editors, *could* co-operate to thrash out at least a minimum standard of responsibility for all their papers, to stand outside the field of "healthy competition." If journalism were a "higher profession," as is the medical or legal, how easy it would be to discipline rank offenders. If years of apprenticeship were essential, as in the actor's profession, before a living could be made on the West End boards, how much higher a standard of responsibility and grammar would fly in Fleet Street. But "any fool" can make big money as a journalist in words of one syllable (with a ghost to correct his spelling), if his name is a best seller for a day or two, or if he is prepared to sell his kin or his friends. The Lords may move for papers and the Press Council may tactfully reprove an erring brother, but we all know the conclusion of the whole matter. La Rochefoucauld put his finger on it: There is in human nature a nasty trait: we do not utterly dislike to hear of the "misfortunes" of our acquaintances. We stand for morality, but can't resist a peep into the slot machine which reveals what the Butler saw. And since La Rochefoucauld's day, personal publicity has reached such heights that our yearning to be "in the news" for one glorious hour induces us to endure "press intrusion" sometimes even in our domestic tragedies. The remedy, first and last, is in our own hands. We *can*, we could, have the papers we desire and deserve, if we desired, and if we deserved, them. We need not subscribe to shoddy, filth and scandal, and if we refused to do so, there would be no complaints of debased Press standards. We should complain only of its utter boredom. Being what we are, we have the Press we desire and deserve. The good can choose the good. They have a reasonably wide choice.

OTHER WRINKLES FROM THEIR LORDSHIPS. "There 's a lot to be said for the Lords" and I don't doubt that some of the Press barons, editors and leading journalists listened to that debate or read the reports, or ordered young men to give them a précis of the debate which they might have the time and ability to read. There is, after all, some danger to them that the internecine warfare for circulation might be enlarged and no longer be limited to competition between rival Press organs or groups, but between the Press and Broadcasting. There was something in the suggestion that editors should come out into the open more than they do and suffer quizzing at the hands of trained tormentors as do politicians, industrialists and so on. Such public grillings would give them a chance to learn the nature of criticisms against their organs and to present their own problems and difficulties to the public. For myself, I loathe these broadcast quizzes, particularly, of course, those conducted by flatterers or those which seek the stuttering views of flappers in the street. But at least they aim to obtain views on both sides of a question or to compel a responsible person to explain his reasons for forcing on the public something which he believes to be for the public good. I should myself—as one small instance—like to quiz one or two proprietors and editors of our leading Sunday newspapers, and hear their reasons for introducing (and their first conclusions since the introduction of) the magazine type, forty-page paper, which disintegrates at the first opening and sometimes seems to be printed on the frailest paper. Much of the contents certainly deserves a less perishable vehicle for print. But so many features which fill up its pages suggest to me desperate expedients to fill the new space. Do we really need forty-page Sunday newspapers? Are we tied hand and foot to America?

PHYSICIAN, HEAL THYSELF. Dr. E. B. Strauss, addressing the B.M.A. recently at Torquay, appealed to psychiatrists to talk and write a language we all can understand. This plea, I am sure, would be endorsed by judges, counsel and magistrates. The psychiatrists might begin by inventing a name for themselves which all of us could *pronounce*. Unfor-

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At Mansion House, in the City of London, the 3rd Battalion the Grenadier Guards march past the Lord Mayor with drums beating, colours flying and bayonets fixed

tunately, Dr. Strauss proved to be himself a master of gobbledegook. He said " Current psychiatric terminology, so far as diagnostic categories are concerned, was far from satisfactory . . ." and he went on to lay down three basic principles upon which " the acceptance of psychiatric diagnostic terminology " must depend:

1. The principle of multiple aëtiology.
2. The frequent necessity for multiple diagnosis.
3. The consequential need at time for multi-dimensional treatment.

This weight of language is clearly not confined to one branch of the medical profession; but, no doubt at all, medical gobbledegook in recent years has done a lot to persuade the weaker or more sentimental brethren of the Bench that many so-called crimes are mere diseases of the nerves or brain, and deserve nothing but pity and need nothing but psychiatric treatment. Strong men, like Lord Goddard, may have managed to keep their heads above the swirl of gobbledegook, but the tide has carried us a long way. Take for one instance the increasingly tolerant attitude towards homosexuality. For my part, I sympathise with men and women who are found out in any and every form of human frailty. But why suddenly do we grow specially tolerant towards practices against which for centuries we have been taught to set our faces and punished if we failed to do so ? Surely because the gobbledegook of psychiatrists has gone to our heads. It is not enough to say that the crime of blackmail is worse than the crime it thrives on and that " consenting adults " should be freed from that embarrassment and hideous persecution. When it comes to blackmail, the teen-age pansy, I imagine, can prove a pretty good artist at blackmail. Let us clear our minds of cant and at least admit that medico-gobbledegook has gone to our heads.

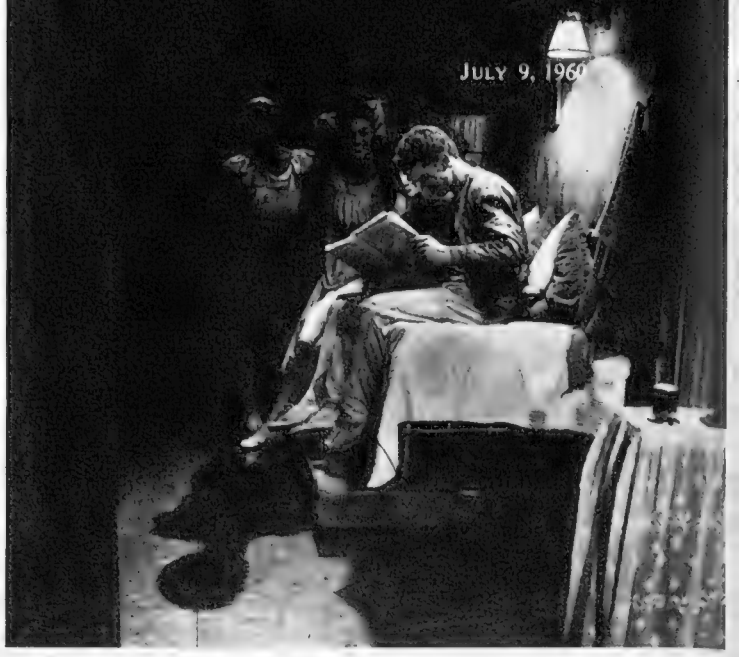
LACK OF MATERIAL? An expert on screen productions decided the other day that film-biography—the screen draw of the 1930's, with Paul Muni as principal lead—is petering out of fashion from *sheer lack of material.* This is a hard saying. To me, a well-written factual biography in book or film form is far more interesting than fiction, and I should say that the choice of subject back to the Dark Ages is too embarrassingly large. It may be true that in this era of the " common man," " characters " grow fewer and supermen rarer, but it does not need a superman or woman as subject, or indeed an eccentric, to make a biography pulse with interest. The " diary of a nobody " can provide all the thrills of fiction. I am convinced there is no falling off in interest in biography by readers or audiences. Most of the acceptedly more fruitful subjects of biography, Charles II, the young pretender, Byron, Disraeli, and so on, have provided scores of biographies, and still they come. If anything has shaken public interest, it is not the fault of the subject but of his biographer. Only authors steeped in the period and proof against " gaffes," especially social gaffes, should ever attempt them, and many a painfully and even carefully prepared biography in book or film form has failed as a result of a few such gaffes or even by dressing the characters in the wrong clothes or putting them in the wrong furniture settings. *Lack of material!* Your life and mine, passed under six reigns of incredible social upheaval, could, in expert hands, provide a book or film biography of an interest transcending that of any modern novel or film—that dreary catalogue of double-whiskies, dingy sex adventures, cynicism and despair; tales told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing. The trains that started from Victoria at least had some hope of reaching a journey's end, despite many changes.

CAT AMONG THE PIGEONS. It seems that among those who have most to do with the education of naughty children, " retrograde " views are stronger than Mr. Butler imagines. In a small sectional research poll among north-western managers of approved schools, a very big majority favoured reintroducing corporal punishment as a judicial penalty, and also favoured the birch for young offenders. A proportion of these selected and much-tried managers, male and female, went much further, perhaps with their tongues in their cheeks, perhaps because they wished to register how highly tried they are. Be that as it may, this minority greatly shocked the " humanitarian " interests and several M.P.s. They went so far as to suggest that the naughtier of these little fallen angels should be flogged with the " cat " and put in public stocks, and that their parents should, in proven cases of gross neglect, be birched for the crimes charged up to the children. " Absolutely dreadful " and " a return to the Middle Ages " were among the verdicts of the humanitarians. So no doubt it is. All the same, the report is being studied by the Home Office, and Mr. Butler will learn that, whether the answers were couched in the form of a bitter jest or in deadly earnest, those people closely concerned with juvenile delinquents and young criminals are very strongly of opinion that corporal punishment of children of twelve years old and above would produce a greater respect for the law. They will learn, too, that the staffs and managers of approved schools are indeed more highly tried than they supposed and would like a little more backing from the Government either in the form of effective sanctions or of salaries more nearly approaching the rate for a nasty job which requires vast experience.

THE OLD STAGER

ENTERTAINMENT

From the wings of Her Majesty's



Before the curtain goes up after the interval—Roberta D'Esti and Tony Adams

Waiting for the finale—Don Percassi, Neville Becker and Rikki Septimus

BACKSTAGE AT "WEST SIDE STORY"

Actors are by tradition superstitious, and the young cast of this long-running American musical are no exception. The leading man, Don McKay, goes through a little ritual each evening before his first appearance on stage, and one of the gang leaders killed in the fight will not move from his prone position until another member of the cast appears to take his place for the next scene. These superstitions have been in the show ever since it opened on Broadway in 1957. From its first appearance, this musical has set new standards by the savage attack and intensity of its music and dancing. It seems certain it will continue in London well into next year and there are plans to take the complete show to Paris.

There have been changes in the cast. The main parts are still played by Americans, but the chorus now numbers five Canadians and an Australian as well as young British and American dancers and singers. Despite these changes, the musical retains its air of gripping authenticity. It tells of the rivalry between two teenage gangs in New York, one native-born and one Puerto Rican, and of the ill-fated lovers, by birth on opposite sides, doomed by the inter-racial rivalry of the gangs. In keeping with recent trends in the production of big musicals, much of the effect is provided by complex lighting.

At Her Majesty's there are over 350 lights of various kinds: all round the cavernous stage blaze rows of hot blue and amber lights. Controlling the production is the stage manager, speaking quietly into a microphone to give the cues to the stage staff, for the most part unseen, at the lighting console, high overhead in the flies or at stage level.

Backstage, the stage hands move the scenery into place for the next scene. For the most part they are middle-aged and look solidly British in contrast to the American jeans and bright costumes of the chorus. So precisely controlled is the athletic and vivid dancing that it is not until members of the cast return panting to the obscurity of the wings that one realises how much energy is needed. And when the audience is enjoying a drink in the interval, as likely as not an understudy is being rehearsed behind the curtain under the eye of the dance leader. Throughout the evening comes the faintly muffled noise of the unseen audience, laughing or applauding in the dark auditorium.

Lena Sorinao in her dressing-room

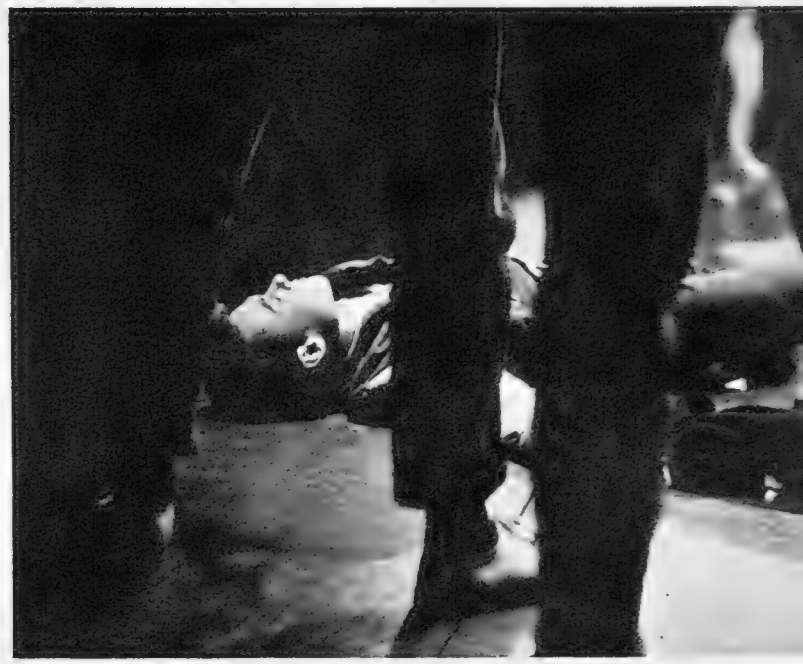
Leander Feddon before going on

Coral Ellahi, Lena Sorinao and Gloria Higdon

The dance hall scene is a frenzied swirl of movement—centre is Leslie Franzos

Photographs by Desmond O'Neill

The Jets sing "Tonight." Foreground is Sylvia Tysick



Don McKay as Tony lies dead on the stage in the final scene

Singing "America" are Mary Preston, Valerie Lloyd and Gloria Higdon

The leading members of the cast take their bow

THE VOICE OF THE COMMON

CANADA

The Commonwealth Scholarship and Fellowship Plan had its origins in the Commonwealth Trade and Economic Conference which was held in Montreal in September 1958, at which agreement was reached in principle on the establishment of a scholarship scheme. The Plan contemplated that some 1,000 scholars and fellows would be given the opportunity to study in Commonwealth countries other than their own. At the Montreal Conference, the United Kingdom offered to make 500 places available and Canada agreed to accept 250 students under the proposed Plan. Other Commonwealth countries have since that time offered places, and the target figure of 1,000 has now been attained and will probably be surpassed.

Representatives from the Canadian university community participated as members of the Canadian delegation at the Commonwealth Education Conference held at Oxford in July 1959, to work out the detailed provisions of the Plan. The underlying spirit of the Commonwealth Scholarship and Fellowship Plan was well expressed by the late Earl of Halifax, at that time Chancellor of Oxford University, when, in opening the Conference, he said:

" The pattern of association and the pattern of co-operation which such an occasion as this reveals are indeed remarkable—and are the kind of international relationship to which, surely, men everywhere must aspire. . . . It is against this background that we can set ourselves to our task . . . confident that through our efforts we shall be able to give new opportunities and new hope to the young people of the Commonwealth and shall be able at the same time to expand the opportunity, the security and the future of all the countries in it."

The purpose of the Commonwealth Scholarship and Fellowship Plan is to give men and women of outstanding ability the opportunity to study abroad in another Commonwealth country, thus permitting them to acquire a better knowledge and understanding of ways of life not their own and enabling them on their return home to make a positive and enduring contribution to the development and progress of their own country. The Commonwealth, and the nearly 700,000,000 individuals who are its citizens, is a multi-racial association composed of people with different cultures, different histories, different creeds and in differing stages of development. There is no doubt that each can learn much from the other and, in the process, reach a deeper understanding of the ideals of justice, democracy and personal freedom which are our common heritage. These are largely the considerations which inspired the Commonwealth Scholarship Plan, to the success of which all the races and peoples of the Commonwealth will have the opportunity of contributing their knowledge, culture and values. An appreciation of education as a prerequisite of human well-being and progress has inspired the Plan from the outset. Knowledge and its benefits are not the exclusive prerogative of any nation or group of nations.

Following the Oxford Conference, the Canadian Government appointed a Scholarship Committee to select scholars and fellows for awards in Canada and to nominate Canadians for awards in other countries. The names of the winners of the scholarships to be held in Canada during the next academic year will be announced shortly. It is expected that during the first year of operation of the Plan some 100 Commonwealth scholars and fellows will come to Canada. The average duration of the scholarships will be two years. Canadians are confident that the Commonwealth Scholarship Plan will play a significant role in strengthening the bonds of the Commonwealth association.

NEW ZEALAND

The main factors which will influence the industrial development of New Zealand are the need to find some form of economy which will reduce the country's present almost complete dependence on the overseas earnings of its wool, dairy and meat industries and the provision of avenues of employment for a steadily increasing labour force.

While there is no doubt that farming and its allied industries must continue as the backbone of New Zealand's economy, so long as there is utter dependence on them the country is in " a precarious and vulnerable position." The words quoted are those of the Prime Minister, Mr. Nash. And while these industries have not reached the limit to which they can expand, they will, it is estimated, require over the next twenty years only 10 per cent. of the increase of a labour force which is likely to be 50 per cent. larger than at present.

With such developments, and also a recent upsurge of manufacturing industry creating an appropriate atmosphere, New Zealand's first industrial development conference was held last month. The opening of new and substantial markets, and gaining the maximum wealth for products were the aims in the new approach to growth, the Prime Minister said at its opening. For the next few days some 350 delegates, alternates, observers and paper writers heard discussions, much of it based on forty-two background papers, sometimes involving seventy-five speakers a day. Many topics were covered, and much was compressed into a short time.

The conference presented the following conclusions:

The Government should aim at stable economic policies under which farm and manufacturing industries could plan ahead. Economic industrial expansion could be achieved only with a system of protection providing a predictable future, free of violent changes. A feasible means of giving effect to this policy was by a properly designed and adequate tariff, supplemented in special circumstances by import licensing but having regard always to the cost involved in the whole of New Zealand's economy.

There should be maximum competition in the internal market and cost levels should be held to protect the competitive position overseas of export industries. There was an undoubted need to diversify export markets and the range of export commodities, with particular attention to agricultural products, industries based on forestry and mineral resources. There should be an accelerated rate of capital formation for the expansion of industries.

New Zealand's present development was being impeded by a shortage of labour, particularly skilled. Immigration was the obvious source from which the shortage could be met, while ensuring the maintenance of full employment. Greater attention to research and skilled training was necessary to make the fullest use of the existing labour force.

Other recommendations were for the establishment of an industrial finance corporation, improved representation in countries offering market prospects and the integration of transport with a view to lower cost.

The conference was attended by Members of Parliament, manufacturers (the largest group), representatives of Government departments, commerce, wholesale and retail organisations, local authorities' associations and leagues, farmers and producer organisations, trade unions, the universities and transport and services. Those present were described by the Prime Minister as " the cream of the thinking section of our community in all its fields."

Admittedly the conference was an experiment, and it was not known how much it would achieve, if anything. Most are agreed that it achieved something worthwhile. The Minister of Industries and Commerce, Mr. Holloway, whose department sponsored the conference, said it had provided a blueprint for the future. The Leader of the Opposition, Mr. Holyoake—who thought the holding of the conference was an excellent, timely idea—said it at least laid down a line of thinking for the future. The manufacturers' association president believes great good will come from it. At the very least it was stimulating and provided a basis for better understanding of the respective roles of Government and private enterprise, of farming and of factories, in the New Zealand economy.

SOUTH AFRICA

The South African Government have recently announced comprehensive proposals for meeting two of the country's most urgent problems—over-centralisation of industry and the flow of Bantu people from their own territories to the cities. The idea is that new development should take place away from the existing industrialised centres and on the borders of the Bantu homelands; and various incentives are offered to encourage private industrialists to participate.

The need for decentralisation is clear enough: at present 78 per cent. of the nation's industrial employees and 81 per cent. of its industrial output are concentrated in four centres which cover only 3 per cent. of the total area of the country. That is sufficient to create the social difficulties which have been associated with industrialisation elsewhere, but in the Union's case race relations have also been involved. Since Union in 1910, while the European population in the four areas has trebled, the Bantu population has increased sevenfold; and South Africa's race problem to-day is largely the result of this heavy Bantu influx. On the one hand the influx is seen by the European as a threat to his way of life and, on the other, it has done great harm to the Bantu's. According to a commission which recently investigated the situation, the urbanisation of the Bantu is accompanied by disintegration of their social and family life, and in such circumstances " they fall an easy prey to immorality and political subversion."

The objectives of the " border industries " programme are, thus: (1) to distribute industrial activity more evenly through the country; (2) to halt the influx of the Bantu to the cities; (3) to enable Bantu to work in factories without having to break up their homes in their own territories; and (4) to inject money, through wages, into the Bantu territories and generally to stimulate their economic development. Moreover, the Government maintains, the implementation of the programme and the attendant activity in the Bantu homelands would create a new market for South African producers which might be bigger than any other in Africa outside the Union.

The facilities which the Government intends to offer industrialists include: assistance in establishing essential services such as power, water and transport; the erecting and renting of factory buildings; the

WEALTH

Canada and Commonwealth Scholarships; New Zealand's Economy; South Africa's Plans for the Bantus; "V-Aid" in Pakistan

provision of funds for investment; rail tariff concessions, and the building of trade schools in the Bantu homelands. There will be compensation for loss which may be suffered from the sale of a factory in a border area.

It is hoped that this comprehensive plan will strengthen the country's general economy and, at the same time, reduce fronts of race friction and contribute substantially to the development of the Bantu homelands.

PAKISTAN

The task of spreading adult literacy in Pakistan has been entrusted to the National Development (V-Aid) Organisation. The Organisation is now drawing up plans to undertake this additional responsibility, and expects that a large majority of the population can be covered by the end of the second Five-Year Plan period. Under the scheme, an adult literacy supervisor will be appointed in each development area, who will be the most important link in the chain of adult literacy staff. The supervisors will organise a number of four-week training courses for volunteer leaders in their areas who have education, some spare-time and the will to serve the people. Each training group will consist of about 20 to 30 persons with varying degrees of education and about 100 persons are likely to be trained in each development area every year. These trained people will be expected to start adult literacy classes in their own villages.

The spread of adult literacy in the rural areas is a subject not entirely new to the National Development (V-Aid) Organisation. They have so far already organised over 3,000 adult literacy classes in East Pakistan, 1,160 in West Pakistan and 118 in Azad Kashmir as part of their activities in the development areas in the provinces. Recently a workshop on "adult literacy and second Five-Year Plan" was held at Dacca. The four-day workshop, spread over eight sessions, was sponsored by the National Development Organisation for discussing the details of the adult literacy programme in Pakistan in the context of the second Five-Year Plan.

Representatives of various governmental agencies, like the Pakistan Ministry of Education and the National Development Organisation, together with I.C.A. and Asia Foundation representatives, participated in the workshop. Three working committees that had been formed to work out a detailed programme of action covering different aspects of adult literacy problems, separately concentrated on problems of organisation, training and production of adult literacy literature and audio-visual aids.

The items in "The Voice of the Commonwealth" are contributed and do not necessarily reflect the views of the Editor of "The Sphere"

The Queen shakes hands with Geoff Griffin, the South African fast bowler, during her visit to the second Test Match at Lord's. After the match, it was announced that Griffin would not bowl again during the series, because he has been called frequently by umpires for throwing. The controversy has caused an outcry in the Australian Press

At a Press Conference in London, the leader of the multi-racial New Kenya Group, Mr. Michael Blundell (centre), is with Mr. Wilfred Havelock, Minister of Lands and Local Government (left), and Mr. Bruce MacKenzie, Minister of Agriculture, who are also members of the New Kenya Group. Another prominent Kenya politician, Sir Ferdinand Cavendish-Bentinck, was in London last week

The High Commissioner for Ceylon in London, Mr. G. de Soyza (left), and his wife are seen talking to Mr. C. A. Meakin, who is President of the Ceylon Association, at the garden party which was given by the Association at Hurlingham last month

The Prime Minister of Northern Nigeria, Alhaji Sir Ahmadu Bello (centre), holds a Press Conference in London. With him are (left to right) Mr. G. U. Ohikere, Minister of Works in Northern Nigeria; Alhaji Isa Kaita, Minister of Education; Mallam Ibrahim Musa Gashash, Minister of Lands and Survey, and Mallam Abba Gana, Commissioner of Northern Nigeria. Sir Ahmadu Bello left London last week to tour the U.S.A.

SHOPS FOR GENTLEMEN No. 9

GEORGE PARKER

Drawings by Geoffrey S. Fletcher

Troy in London. This may sound an odd introduction to the premises of George Parker and Sons, Saddlers and Harness Makers, of 12, Upper St. Martin's Lane. On entering the shop, the first thing which strikes the eye is a wooden horse. (Or, to be precise, a pony.) Unlike the Greeks' gift to the Trojans, there nothing sinister about this animal. It is ornamental. Occasionally a saddle may be placed on it. Nobody seems to know when the pony arrived there. Apparently there were predecessors to the present one.

The wooden pony looks across the saddle block to a counter dating from Victorian times. Parker's came to St. Martin's Lane in 1851. The fourth generation of the family is now in the business. A century or so ago, saddlers' firms abounded in this thoroughfare. One of the reasons for this was Aldridge's Horse Repository, which was a noted market for horses. To-day the internal combustion engine has changed the scene. Parker's are the surviving saddlers in the street.

The firm can claim justifiably to provide everything for the rider except his mount and his clothing. Their craftsmen make saddles of all kinds—general purpose, show jumping, racing and steeplechasing. Parker's also sell them ready-made. A request for a Western, or cowboy saddle presents no difficulties (but the younger, TV-minded generation should not ask for boots as well). An order for a saddle for an elephant or a camel is regarded as part of the day's work.

The shop front in Upper St. Martin's Lane of Parker's, the Saddlers

An old clock In a corner of the shop

In the front part of the shop is a series of racks. Some hold new saddles, others second-hand ones. Before the war many customers preferred " broken-in " (i.e., second-hand) saddles. To-day the general fashion is to purchase new saddles.

The making of a saddle is an art in itself, from the start on the tree to the completion with the leather flaps. But, as already noted, Parker's deal in all the other accoutrements —harness, reins, bits and irons. Also they do not forget to suggest in their shop display the necessity of polishes and other mixtures for maintaining equipment in the best condition. A Latin quotation under the clock at the back of the premises is a reminder of the particular need for keeping leather supple and soft.

Parker's send their goods to many parts of the world. Trade with the United States is excellent and among Commonwealth countries Canada, Australia and New Zealand are the best customers. People of all kinds visit the shop. As Mr. Tony Parker (of the fourth generation) puts it, " You never know who's going to come in next."

The wooden pony looks over the saddle block

With controlled ease, a fireman in Rome dives from the top of a building during the " baptism of fire "

THE BAPTISM OF FIRE

Recruits of the Firefighting Corps in Rome recently gave a demonstration of their skill and courage at the annual firemen's day of celebrations. In one of the exercises the recruit has to dive from a high building; he then turns over, in mid-air, to land on his back on the canvas strip below, which is held by his colleagues. With athletic grace the recruits plunge from the building in a way which is somewhat reminiscent of the tests of manhood of certain South Sea Island tribes. Having been " baptised " by carrying out jumps such as this, as well as performing gymnastics and various other exercises, the recruits take their oaths to become fully-fledged members of the Firefighting Corps.

A bird's-eye view of a fireman making his dive during the celebrations

The divers slide down the canvas strips after " landing "

WHAT THEY BUY

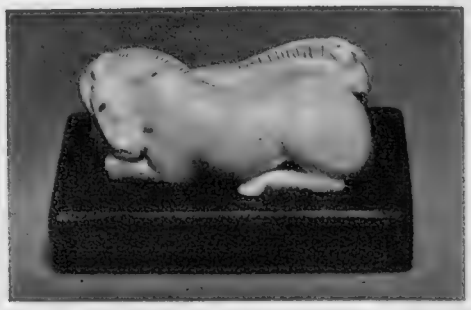
A survey of purchases at this year's Royal Academy

by **William Gaunt**

Never have so many works been sold from a Royal Academy Summer Exhibition as this year. Up to June 27, they totalled 619. The previous record for the equivalent period was 597 works sold in 1957. Purchasers this year have paid an aggregate of £34,613. In the same period last year £39,652 was paid for 509 works but money figures are less significant than comparison of numbers of purchases. The facts propound some interesting questions. What does this considerable art-buying public choose from the varied array of some 1,520 paintings, drawings, prints and pieces of sculpture? What are the motives governing its choice and how far is its taste in accord with that of critics writing about the show?

On the whole, it does not seem that buyers are greatly influenced by the pronouncements of critics, though in some instances their views may concur. Mr. L. S. Lowry's fascinating "Old Beggar" was noticed in the Press with deserved approval. It is also one of the pictures sold and it could have been sold many times over. It may be looked on as one of those happy combinations of aesthetic quality and the "touch of nature" which, in appreciation, make the art world kin. Similar comment might be made regarding Mr. William Roberts's "T.V." which also attracted critical attention—and was also sold. But what of the hundreds of works by artists who have no mention in the reviews?

"Flower Piece," by Allan Gwynne-Jones, D.S.O., A.R.A.



"Twin Ponies," by W. G. Simmonds

All pictures—
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"Horse Guards," by R. Tavener

"Somerset House, Waterloo Bridge and the

It is proof of the buyers' independence that so many exhibits in this category bear a red disc. They are not necessarily those which hang in the favoured position of prominence "on the line." Critics are apt to complain that some pictures are hung too far above eye-level, but if you look up to the top rows in the present Academy you will notice no lack of the red spots denoting sale. It is a reasonable assumption that the buyers had an idea of what they wanted and prosecuted the search uninfluenced by the superior prestige of the "line" and undeterred by the slight inconvenience of directing their gaze upwards. Certain patterns of taste and requirement begin to appear when one goes farther into the matter, some of which can be stated in general terms. The small works mainly find preference—which is easy to understand in view of the contemporary shrinkage in housing and wall space. (It is a curious thing, by the way, that young painters nowadays so often work on large areas of canvas or board for which one can see no obvious destination.) Particular types of subject matter have a steady following, and in this respect the purchases at the present Academy continue an observable tendency of past years.

Views of London, for example, always have their addicts, whether by well-known or little-known artists. They may depict some celebrated scene or some obscure corner of old London but in either case they exert appeal. So the works sold include the sparkle of the river and its newer features as pictured by Mr. Cosmo Clark in his "Somerset House, Waterloo Bridge and the South Bank," the panorama of St. Paul's and the City, detailed with minuteness in Mr. David Thomas's "View from St. Bride's" and such a little memento of civic history as Miss Jehan Daly's "Dick Whittington's Church, Thames Street."

Another pattern of preference can be traced in the choice of works representing birds and animals. The skill and ornithological accuracy of Mr. C. F. Tunnicliffe, as in his water-colour "Pintail Asleep," provide one of the notable examples. In the gallery devoted to drawings, engravings and etchings the red dots cluster thickly on the mounts of bird subjects; Miss Winifred Austen's modest little etching "Blackcap and Ivy berries" has been sold in no fewer than thirty impressions, while purchasers favoured also Miss Joan Hassall's engraving of "Blue Tits" and Mr. Raymond Coutu's etched and aquatinted "Owl and Ivy."

The love of animal portraiture is again noticeable in the sculpture sections. Sculpture does not figure largely in the Academy sales, but it is to be remarked that the statuette of a pig by Mr. Norman H. Sillman and of a cow by Miss Jennifer Jacks found buyers. Tiny though it is and placed among a group of other small works the fine quality and spirit of Mr. William G. Simmonds' ivory, "Twin Ponies," was not overlooked.

Analysis of still-life purchases reveals two distinct trends. Ever-popular is the type of painting which holds the mirror up to nature with something approaching a "trompe l'œil" effect in circumstantial or curious detail; the leaves and brioches for example which Mr. Eliot Hodgkin depicts in meticulous tempera; or those rows of time-worn volumes, mottled cheeses and table furnishings which Mr. J. H. Eversen paints in the manner of his Dutch forbears. One might add to theirs the attraction of Mrs. Sorrell's water-colours, her "Begonia Rex and Other Plants" opening its window on greenhouse profusion. While the general appeal of the flower-piece scarcely needs stressing what is to be noted is the popularity of the small, intimate and not necessarily detailed painting such as Mr. Allan Gwynne-Jones contributes to the Academy. Though he is more generally known as a portrait painter, this other aspect of his work has unobtrusively gained its special admirers. That in general some intimacy of effect is sought may be gathered from the existence of a steady following for a quiet landscape by Mr. Percy Horton or Mr. Leonard Appelbee, or the success of those glimpses of domesticity in which Mrs. Bratby delicately interprets the interiors Mr. John Bratby handles with so much boldness.

It is perhaps a necessary corollary of this liking for the intimate that the more "advanced" works, in the sense of those which are more purely expression or offer aesthetic shock and excitement, are less in

"Four Dead Leaves," by E. Hodgkin

"David, Doll, Dressing Gown and Eiderdown," by Jean Bratby

Bank," by Cosmo Clark, C.B.E., R.A.

"Pintail Asleep," by C. F. Tunnicliffe, R.A.

evidence in the list of purchases. It includes, however, the two paintings exhibited by that Scottish veteran of modern art, Mr. William McTaggart, which emphatically rely on their colour and handling while the present-day love of colour clearly disposes the Academy public in favour of the colour lithographs which form so lively a graphic display. Here is modern art "without tears," the assertion of colour and design tempered by subject interest. It is easy to understand the favour given to Mr. Robert Tavener's "Horse Guards" with its suggestion of pageantry, the view of "King's and Clare" from Mr. Edwin La Dell's Cambridge series and Mr. Bernard Cheese's "Pushing out the Boat."

The traditionally English art of water colour also accounts for many sales. Here again is a section of the Academy exhibition which does not usually get much notice—the search for whatever "sensations" there may be is carried on intensively in the galleries devoted to oils—but water-colours like those delicate renderings of sky and water by Mr. R. V. Pitchforth have their own faithful following. The pattern of taste is in many ways a very natural one, with its parallels in the past. People have always liked a picture of a great city, the Rome of Claude Lorraine, the Venice of Canaletto, no less than of twentieth-century London. An Eversen still-life appeals to a taste similar to that of the seventeenth-century patron of a Kalf or Heda.

At all times in the past, and in many different places, artists and patrons have shared a fondness for the representation of animals and birds. Speaking in material terms it could be said with confidence that a young artist of talent, starting out on his career to-day, would find in the portrayal of animals a secure and profitable means of making a living. How many art students would take kindly to the idea is another matter—as far as one can judge any such specialisation is scouted by the majority of students and the example of masters, European and Oriental, does not prevent them from looking on it as old-fashioned or out of date. They live in the climate of a different world of expression and abstraction.

The patronage and economics of this other world of art are a separate study; what people buy elsewhere than at the Academy is outside the scope of the present enquiry. What emerges from the enquiry is the continued existence of a demand for certain things. Genius may ignore it and go its own way as it has sometimes (though by no means invariably) done in the past, but what people buy at the Academy is not only of interest in terms of social history but worth the artist's thought.

BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

VILLAGE FLOWER SHOWS

Since we have become a stockbroker, first-class season, car-on-the-firm country I have noticed a change in the village flower show. Many of the old customs have disappeared. Once it was the custom to make a gigantic pie of all the contending vegetables, and this was eaten at the time of the evening dance. That custom (it was before my time) died abruptly, the moment that it was discovered that the said vegetables could be sold. Then it became the custom for the squire to place a wagon at the disposal of the villagers, so that they could take their produce, the day after the show, into the neighbouring market town to be sold.

Now, we have no squire: or, rather, we have dozens of week-end squires. Not one of them would think of a thing like that. As a matter of fact, it would not be any good if one did since hereabouts at any rate the vegetable classes at the flower show which used to be easily the best patronised now attract few entries by comparison with the flower classes. Yet the custom of making garlands of the flowers to crown the heads of the village maidens at the evening dance has, despite the greatly increased numbers of flowers now being exhibited, also disappeared. That custom went out when the Charleston came in: which, if you remember the Charleston, was not surprising.

Changes such as these were to be expected, of course; were inevitable. It is not the disappearance of ancient customs I have in mind: it is the change in atmosphere. The village flower show was a relic, the last surviving relic, albeit a faint one, of the old village commonwealth, in which individual ownership and communal undertakings were perfectly balanced. For the village flower show the villagers combined to compete amicably, organising the whole thing themselves. The really great change is that this old communal undertaking has disappeared. No longer is the village flower show organised by the villagers. It has been taken over by the " gentry " under the guise of the " horticultural society."

This involves a good deal more than you might think. In the old days, before the advent of the horticultural society, when we had a squire and one or two " retireds," it was not done, most definitely it was not done, to enter for the village flower show if you employed a gardener. In that case, what you were expected to do (and what you did) was to add to the prize-money. All that has gone by the board. A good many of the new-comers employ full-time gardeners, and of those who do not, almost all employ a jobbing gardener for one or two days a week. The social structure of the village, and you can no longer really call it a village, has altered so much that, if these were barred from entry, there would virtually be no flower show.

Incidentally, it is this changed social structure that has led to the decline in the entries for the vegetable classes. Few of the new-comers are themselves good gardeners, but they are, all of them, good business men: they would not be here if they were not. They start off by growing vegetables. It is obviously the right thing to do, living in the country, to be self-supporting. But the habit of keeping accounts is strong within them, and it does not take them very long to discover that home-grown vegetables are very expensive, if not a dead loss. And they are quite right.

Peas and cherries for the blackbirds; polyanthus for the sparrows;
Dahlias for the earwigs; and, for the slugs, lettuce and vegetable marrows.

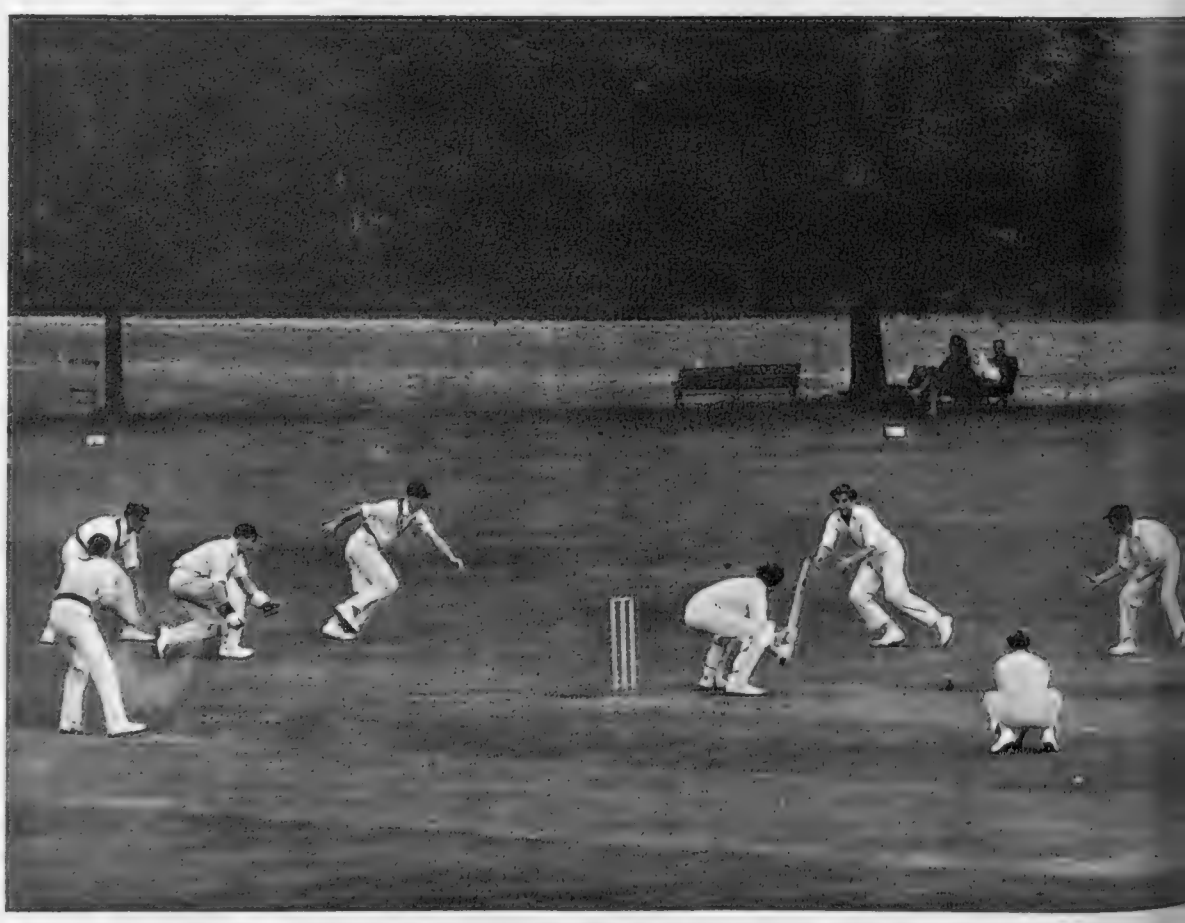
Margaret Cresswell has the truth of it. It does not matter so much with the flowers: they are only for display, there are plenty of them and they last a long time. But if you do get a good crop of lettuce, for example, the whole lot come at the same time; too many to eat and impossible to sell, a waste of the gardener's wages. If the slugs get them, they eat the gardener's wages at the same time. It is cheaper to buy and let the gardener concentrate on the flowers and the lawn, on keeping the place tidy.

So now we have full-time gardeners competing against each other at the village show, and the rather intriguing situation of jobbing gardeners competing against themselves. For example, Bill Bloggs (who is a very good gardener) works Mondays and Wednesdays for Jones, Tuesdays and Fridays for Smith, Thursdays for Mrs. Brown, and Saturday mornings for the Vicar. Jones, Smith, Mrs. Brown and the Vicar all enter for the show. You can get a very accurate idea of Bloggs's opinion of his employers by their positions in the prize list !

Also Bloggs enters on his own account: all the jobbing gardeners do. But, being villagers, they rarely enter for the flower classes, though there is an increasing tendency for their wives to do so; the gardens of the well-to-do are sometimes rich in " throw-outs." They concentrate on the vegetables. Here, at any rate, the village flower show has not changed: in other words, the villager has not changed. Ask Bloggs three weeks before the show what he is going to enter, and he will deliberately misunderstand you. He will enlarge on the magnificence of all his employers' flowers. You gather that, if there is any justice in the world, he is going to sweep the board. At last you make him understand that you are enquiring about his own entry. Immediately, he will launch into a long tirade against the horticultural society, the well-known bias of the committee, and the even better-known sharp practice of certain, unnamed, gentlemen. You gather that his patience is exhausted and that he would not dream of entering this year, even if he had anything to enter, which he has not.

Bloggs knows perfectly well that you have lived in the village for thirty years and have heard all this before and don't believe a word of it. But it would never do for him to admit that he is going to enter and has every hope of winning at least one major prize. The essence of the village entry is that it should be as secret as possible. But no art, no effort nor device is spared to make each entry as perfect as can be. With the older villagers, and certainly with the jobbing gardeners, there are magic nostrums—especially with onions and beans—which have been handed down from father to son, and which are most jealously guarded.

On the day Bloggs will appear with enormous onions, their stems artistically decorated with raffia bows, and gigantic beans. He will be bursting with pride and very friendly. All the other villagers will be very friendly, too. In this respect the atmosphere has not changed: these are people who derive an immense spiritual satisfaction from growing things, whether they win or not. But I detect sometimes a certain tenseness among the gentry nowadays, at least among those who employ gardeners, and this is something new. You can't blame them. After all, they have put a lot of money into it. " Keeping up with the Joneses " is a wearing business.



G. D. S. Dunlop, of Charterhouse, in play during the match against Winchester

Charterhouse, led by their captain, E. J. Craig, take the field at the start of the match, and (right) R. I. Jefferson leads Winchester from the pavilion in the afternoon

PUBLIC SCHOOLS CRICKET

WINCHESTER v CHARTERHOUSE

Charterhouse won the toss when they visited Winchester on June 18, but misguidedly put the home team in to bat on an easy-paced wicket. The first Winchester wicket fell with only three runs on the board. In the next two hours 176 runs were scored before another wicket fell. J. G. U. Daniels gave a bright display of forceful batting in his innings of 109. He reached his century before lunch. Further aggressive play by J. R. N. Travis, who scored 54, and R. I. Jefferson, who included six boundaries in his 25, enabled Winchester to declare at 260 for six at 3.15 p.m. Their rate of scoring was over 80 an hour.

Charterhouse batsmen, apart from E. C. Townsend, who was top-scorer with 32, and R. M. O. Webster (20), offered little resistance. Their captain, E. J. Craig, was unexpectedly out for 8. Jefferson took five wickets for 18 runs, and soon after 6 o'clock Charterhouse were all out for 98.

J. G. U. Daniels (Winchester) hits a four during his fine innings of 109

The former England Test player, G. H. G. Doggart, now a master at Winchester, talks to Daniels

C. N. H. Cain (Charterhouse) is caught behind the wicket by N. L. Majendie for five

R. I. Jefferson, the Winchester captain, scored four runs with this hard drive off G. S. Parke's bowling

One of the Winchester openers, N. D. Pilbrow, in action. He scored 27

GABOR DENES

YACHTING

Paradoxically, the International Snipe has only recently been granted international status by the I.Y.R.U., in spite of the fact that in its life of nearly thirty years it has become the largest class in the world with nearly 12,000 sail numbers, and that it is sailed in thirty countries. It was designed by the editor of the American yachting magazine *The Rudder*, in 1931, with the pioneering idea for those days that it would be suitable for building by amateurs. For this reason larger than usual tolerances were allowed in the dimensions, and these had to be tightened up before recognition could be granted. So the position has arisen where this forerunner of all build-it-yourself dinghies, of which so many have been designed and sailed successfully since the war, is back in the hands of the professional builder. Only professionals can build with sufficient accuracy to satisfy the revised rules.

In this country, apart from a relatively small band of enthusiasts, the Snipe has never become as popular as it deserves. H. J. Crispin, hon. secretary of the U.K. Snipe Racing Association, told me that the class is getting stronger again but, even so, only about 100 boats are racing regularly. The strongest fleet of twenty-five boats is raced by the Stone S.C. on the River Blackwater, and other fleets are on the Medway, at Maldon (also on the Blackwater), at Broadstairs and at Northwich. In his view the reason for this lack of popularity is partly the high cost—a well-built and fitted Snipe costs more than £300—and partly the many poorly made boats which have caused a lot of damage to the reputation of the class in the past.

The National Championship of the class was sailed on the Medway a fortnight ago, and the winner, Mr. G. B. Lilley, is to represent this country in the European Championships to be sailed next month at Landskrona, in Sweden. The World Championship is contested in alternate years, next year it will take place in New York.

I hear from Elmer Ellsworth Jones, Commodore of the Royal London Y.C. of Cowes, that his club is responsible this year for organising the racing for the Prince Philip Cup. This is a series of five races between the four principal Cowes Clubs (the Royal Yacht Squadron, the Royal London Y.C., the Royal Corinthian Y.C. and the Island Sailing Club) and the Imperial Poona Yacht Club, held after the end of Cowes Week. The Cup was presented by Prince Philip at the Imperial Poona Y.C. "tiffin" held at Cowes in 1957 to encourage some really keen racing between these clubs. Five boats of one class are used, and in five races the boats are changed around. In the first year, only a fortnight after the presentation of the Cup, Uffa Fox, sailing for the Imperial Poona, won on points. According to the rules the club with the lowest marks is responsible for the choice of boats and for organising the next contest.

The Royal London Y.C. have again chosen the International One Design for racing, which has been used each time, with the exception of 1958, when the Squadron chose Dragons. The I.O.D. is these days the keenest racing class at Cowes. Since "Tiny" Mitchell established it there about ten years ago it has grown and attracted some of the finest helmsmen. It is the only fleet in this country, and the owners guard the one-design character most jealously, which makes for first-class racing, often with only a few seconds between the finishers. I.O.D.s can only be built by the Norwegian designer Bjarne Aas, and the only other fleets race in Norway, Denmark, Bermuda and the U.S.

An International Snipe on the Medway

International One Designs—*Arrow* and *Rani III*—at Cowes

Mr. I. H. L. Smith, the club captain; Major W. A. Roscow, the secretary; Mrs. E. D. Caird, the ladies' secretary; and Mrs. D. Orr, the ladies' captain

Wing-Commander M. V. Blake; Mr. W. A. K. Igoe; Mrs. Igoe; Mrs. Blake

The clubhouse and the 18th green of the East Course

BRITAIN'S GREAT GOLF CLUBS

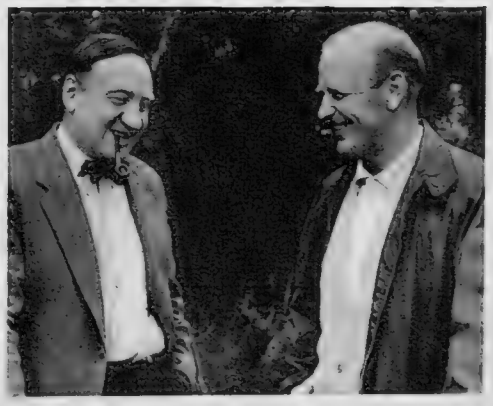
WENTWORTH

Mr. A. E. Parkinson, chairman, and Mrs. Parkinson

The two championship 18-hole courses and the new 9-hole course, opened last autumn, of the club are situated at Virginia Water in Surrey, 21 miles from London. It was on the West Course, known to golfers all over the world as the "Burma Road," that the Canada Cup was contested in 1956, the first time the international tournament had been played outside North America. Wentworth was founded in 1924 and the first course, the East, was laid out by H. S. Colt. Although to-day it is considered not so difficult and testing as the West, it has been the scene of many big matches, including the first Women's International Match for the Curtis Cup in 1932. Wentworth's setting is made up of the woods, lakes and streams of one of the most famous beauty spots in Surrey, at the southern end of the Forest of Windsor. Its clubhouse was originally the home of the Countess Morella, a Spanish lady whose chief pleasure even at the age of eighty was to ride round her estate.

The "Burma Road" has a total length of 6,936 yards, par 75. Its feature is that while not unduly difficult for the handicap player, it leaves no margin of error for the top-class professional. It starts with a 470-yard hole, with for the crack player a most difficult second shot across a valley to the green. From then on there is little relaxation. The last four holes are comparable in their testing quality to the famous last four at Deal. The 17th and 18th are both long, dog-legged holes.

Mr. B. Chassels; Major Michell Clarke; Mr. F. Garrett; and Mr. A. Raphaël



Air-Commodore F. A. Pearce and the professional Tom Haliburton

Next in this series will be Royal Blackheath Golf Club in our issue of July 16.

Mr. L. Pepe; Mr. R. Dolman; Mr. A. Brent; Mr. J. Naylor

The seventh tee on the 9-hole course, with Tom Haliburton driving off

TRAVEL

BLACK SEA CRUISE

By GORDON COOPER

Houses by the sea on the island of Mykonos in the Aegean

It is, I think, a popular fallacy that cruises are necessarily restful. Some of them may well be, but the modern type of cruise where almost daily sightseeing visits are made to ports of interest can often be quite tiring, and unless one receives a maximum of comfort with first-class facilities aboard the ship then it is likely that the would-be deck lizard will return home thoroughly exhausted with but blurred memories of mosques, churches, museums and native markets. I therefore suggest that, at least for people who are no longer teenagers, those contemplating cruising holidays should first check carefully with their agent in order to make sure that the advertised " luxury cruise " really does have at least some vestige of restfulness and cabin comfort.

I have just returned from one of these intense cruises on the Typaldos Line's *Hellas*. We sailed from Venice to Yalta calling at Piraeus, Istanbul, Constanza (thence by rail to Bucharest for the day), and Odessa on the way; and Delos, Mykonos and Athens on the way back. Athens was blazing hot. The trudge to the Acropolis was a thirsty one. On the way back we stayed there overnight and I must say that I was very impressed by the play of *son et lumière* on the Acropolis at night. When *son et lumière* first made its appearance many years ago, I was rather wary. But after Versailles last year and now the Acropolis, fading from white to ochre, I am won over.

The situation in Istanbul was very tense. We were there during the overthrow of Menderes by Gursel. This did not prevent us from sightseeing, however, or from visiting the covered bazaar. I'm afraid that the bazaar in Istanbul is rather disappointing and seems to consist of streets entirely lined with cheap jewellers' shops, Western in style. I think that Istanbul's main attractions are its skyline, as one approaches the city from the sea, and its mosque interiors, especially the Blue Mosque and Saint Sophia (now a museum). The countryside around, too, is surprisingly lush.

The main interest of the cruise was the visit to Rumania (the first of its kind since the war) and to Russian Crimea. We had no time to see Constanza (a dullish port) and the rail journey to Bucharest took nearly four hours. We were driven round the city by bus on our arrival. It is much changed since the time I was there many years before the war—in fact quite unrecognisable—modern in a tasteful sort of way, with lovely parks and, I am told, quite a joyful nightlife. It is difficult sometimes to imagine one is in a Communist country.

The meal we had at one of the large hotels was very good, as was the service (what a contrast to Russia). Folk dancing followed, and it was excellent. Outside the National Theatre after the dancing, we were let loose to window shop for half an hour or so. The things in the windows were disappointing . . . absolutely nothing to tempt even a tourist eager to buy anything, although the goods in the shop windows of Bucharest were ten times the superiors of those to be found in the dingy stores of Yalta. Perhaps eventually, Bucharest will reassert herself and regain her pre-war title of " Paris of the East."

In Odessa we were taken by our guide, a pretty English-speaking girl, on a tour of the city—a very rapid tour unfortunately, and why will Russian guides treat Western visitors like children? We were told over and over again how rich the rich once were and how happy the workers now are, in flat tones which did anything but convince. Two hours of this is more than enough to bore to tears the ordinary tourist. Yalta, surrounded by lovely vistas, is a place in which I should never care to spend a holiday of any length. The ship's visit of one afternoon was ample. Apart from the palace at Livadia, former residence of the Czars and now " a rest home for the people " and the place where the Yalta conference took place, there is little of historical or even architectural importance.

The main promenade in Yalta was crowded with resting workers who, although very friendly and of healthy appearance, looked bored stiff. There are no amusements along the sea-front (apart from a very popular weight-scale), the ugly cafés are dirty and service seemed non-existent. There is an Intourist hotel here, but most of the buildings are rest homes for the workers who seem to have nothing to spend their money on.

The only thing I particularly wanted to buy, a tin of caviar, I was unable to find, and I must have tried every shop in Yalta. I must say, however, that the politeness and extreme friendliness of the people made my stay there more pleasant than it otherwise might have been. There was the incident when a uniformed Russian (police or army?) seeing me in a queue in a wine shop, and hearing me speak English to my companion, promptly escorted us both to the head of the queue courteously and to the smiling approval of the rest of the queue.

In comparison, the islands of Delos and Mykonos seemed as far removed as the planet Jupiter. The exquisite mosaics in the restored houses on Delos depict Apollo and his dolphins to whom the island was sacred. Wandering through the restored streets and amid the ruined temples on the island (which is uninhabited) is an experience not easily forgotten—and the skies were blue again. I must say that the weather in the Black Sea was indifferent, but perhaps we were unfortunate.

The waterfront at Mykonos, bustling with colour and life and laughing people, made one feel that the workers at Yalta ought to be transported en masse to the Greek Islands for a month. At any rate, I personally enjoyed these two islands perhaps more than any of the calls we made, but this time I was in need of a rest. Just to stroll aimlessly along at night past the little white churches of Mykonos, pausing occasionally to look out to sea or resting at a gay little terrace, sipping ouzo, came nearer to my idea of a luxury cruise.

HOTELS AND HOLIDAYS ON SARDINIA

If your notion of an ideal holiday is to go bathing at every hour of the day, and to spend the rest of the time when not in the water lying about in the sun, or eating and sleeping, then Sardinia should satisfy you. For many years this wild and mountainous island, with its innumerable beaches of white shining sand, was protected, by the anopheles mosquito and the bandit, from incursions by tourists. Now that D.D.T. has banished malaria and the aeroplane has abolished brigandry, Sardinia is trying to catch up on Corsica and the Balearics with their fifty-year start in providing hotels and amenities for tourists. New hotels have been springing up everywhere on beaches and in familiar towns like Alghero and Cagliari. More are being built and some are opening for the first time this summer.

There is now a once-weekly service by B.E.A. from London to Alghero, so there is no longer the difficulty of flying to Rome first and taking advantage of the daily service to Alghero or Cagliari operated by Alitalia. You can always go by train to Rome and then back to Civitavecchia by boat-train, to catch one of the overnight steamers to Olbia or Cagliari.

There are other steamer services, from Genoa, for example, three times weekly to Porto Torres, from Naples twice weekly to Cagliari, and from Palermo to Cagliari once a week. There is an air service between Cagliari and Alghero and rail services between the former place and Olbia, Porto Torres and Carbonia. Good public coach services are operated throughout the island by Sita, Columbus and other local companies.

At the moment there is not much second-class hotel accommodation on the island. The new hotels which have been built are not cheap, 6,000 to 8,000 lire (approximately £3 10s. to £4 10s.) a day *en pension* charge is usual. These prices will undoubtedly govern the pattern of holidaymaking on the island for many years to come unless the present tendency is overcome by hoteliers seeking a more popular clientele. Certainly the service provided by one Viscount a week will not encourage many visitors from Britain, who are likely to discover much less crowded conditions on Majorca or Ibiza.

There is very little in the way of entertainment in the evenings, even in the larger towns. A drink at a favourite café is likely to be the extent of the fun provided. I think visitors would be well advised to hire a car for their stay in Sardinia. The beaches are situated some distance from the towns of Alghero, Cagliari and Sassari, and a car would be the only convenient way of reaching idyllic spots like the island of San Pietro in the south-west, or on the island of La Maddalena, fifteen minutes by ferry steamer off the north-east corner of Sardinia.

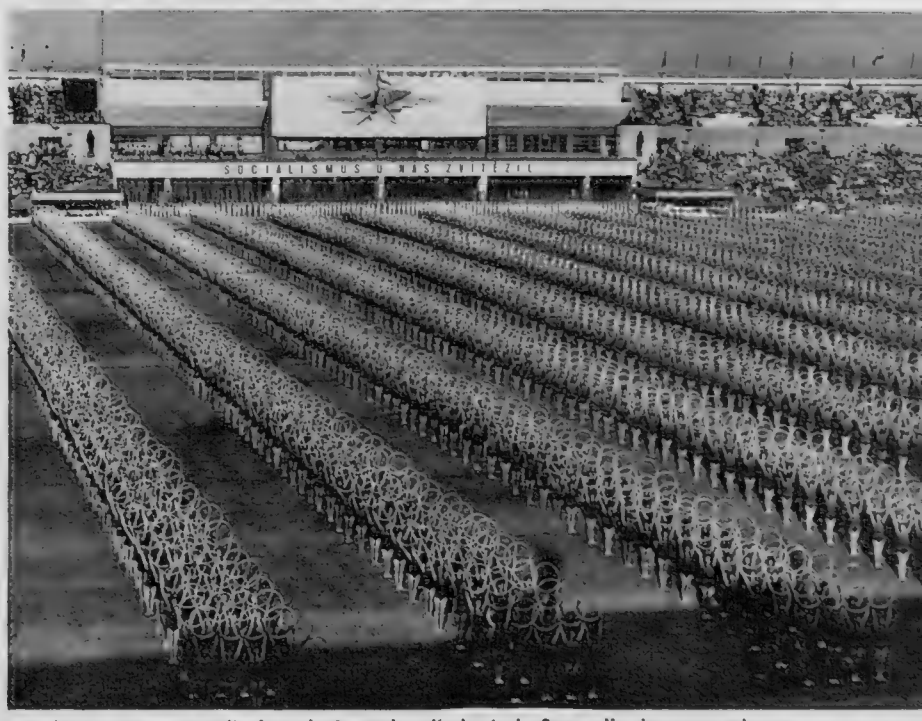
W.D.C.C.

A mass display of physical training exercises is given by girls in the Strahov Stadium during the National Sportakiade in the Czech capital

PHYSICAL FITNESS IN PRAGUE

Participants in the Sportakiade parade through the centre of Prague

The National Sportakiade, in Czechoslovakia, takes place every five years. Its purpose is to demonstrate in spectacular displays of gymnastics and drill the physical fitness of the nation. There are no foreign teams. The organisers are the National Gymnastic Association, which has branches all over the country. Preparations for the Sportakiade take from eighteen months to two years. Anyone of any age can enter for the preliminary tests from which the best gymnasts are selected to appear in Prague. At the end of last month some 700,000 chosen participants gathered in the Czech capital. The youngest group consisted of five-year-old children. Mass demonstrations were given for ten days in the Strahov Stadium.



Another impressive display during the "physical fitness" demonstration

BOOKS

HIGHLY-PRAISED HUMOUR

A study of Hannibal's battles; life of the founder of Adelaide; Anthony Powell's new novel

Although I wouldn't say that writers of good tragic prose were ten a penny, I would point out that writers of true comic talent were even less thick upon the ground. There also seems to me to be every reason why masters of real comedy should amass vast personal fortunes, though I am told that this is not always the case. As for the humour itself, that is a very personal business, one man sitting moon-faced and unreceptive before a book which will have two others in stitches. But I find it difficult to believe that there exist many people who can read the work of Mr. Anthony Carson without laughing or, at the very least, chuckling. He surely must be one of the funniest men now writing in the English language. Mr. Carson's new book is a collection of short autobiographical sketches, the sort of arrangement which might be deeply daunting in the hands of another, less relaxed writer. As it is, A ROSE BY ANY OTHER NAME (Methuen. 15s.) is preposterous, hilarious and even presumably authentic. Its author's life up to date has been packed with incident and obviously well worth writing about on any terms or in any style. It just so happens that Mr. Carson has a style of his own. He also has a crazy kind of ability to see drama, adventure, irony or farce in situations which might appear humdrum to the casual observer. His jobs are presented more as enterprises than as dull appointments; all his bad times have their moments of the grotesque or the comic; all his adventures, and especially those when he was a travel courier in Switzerland, are touched with a kind of magic. If ever there were a book for holiday reading, this is it. I recommend to you the final chapter which, in its entirety, reads: "A magazine once sent me to Sicily to find a bandit . . ."

From personal history as it is lived in that highly individual Carson world to authentic history of 2,000 years ago, as it was made by Hannibal. ENEMY OF ROME (Evans. 21s.) is a study of Hannibal's battles, and therefore of the man himself, written with the greatest liveliness and freshness by Mr. Leonard Cottrell, who himself followed the supposed route of Hannibal from New Carthage, to-day Cartagena, up through Spain into France, and across the Alps into Italy and finally to North Africa and Carthage itself. Mr. Cottrell made his journey in a tough and resilient motor caravan, a wise dispensation, since it allowed him to trace as nearly as possible Hannibal's original spear-thrusts towards and always against Rome, whose sworn and implacable enemy he remained. The writer's relative independence of movement also allowed him to pursue his own theories on Hannibal's troop movements, a fact which I think has been of vital importance to this most exciting book.

Hannibal was one of the greatest generals the world has ever known. It is more than sad that there is no recorded likeness of him, but there is a body of contemporary and slightly later work dealing with his campaigns and even with his reported speech, Polybius and Livy, as one remembers very well from school-days, being the two chief sources. These Mr. Cottrell has naturally used whenever they illustrated his theme, the man or the fighting. For the rest he has made his own speculations and pursued them with great originality. This study of Hannibal has quite extraordinary interest and impact. It is no empty form of words to write that Mr. Cottrell should be congratulated as well as thanked for such a contribution to our knowledge.

SIR JACK HOBBS AND MR. STEPHEN POTTER discuss the play in the annual cricket match between the National Book League and the Authors at Westminster School cricket ground, Vincent Square, London

Colonel William Light's name is as synonymous with Adelaide as Raffles' with Singapore. He was the founder of that delightful small city in South Australia and responsible, too, for much of its layout and arrangement. His statue stands to this day in one of Adelaide's gardens. Geoffrey Dutton, one of the city's young but distinguished sons, has written the life story of Colonel Light in FOUNDER OF A CITY (Chapman and Hall. 35s.) and has shown to a faraway reading public, as well as his own people, the stuff of which a soldier of vision may be made. Light had been both sailor and soldier when he was appointed Surveyor-General, had fought in the Peninsular War and travelled widely in Europe and Egypt, where he served with Mohammed Ali's navy. Even more relevantly, he was the son of Francis Light who founded Penang, and he was born in that city of his father's creation. His final hope, to have been the first Governor-General of South Australia, was frustrated through intrigue, but he succeeded in leaving to that great continent a far more durable monument. It is not only its inhabitants but its visitors who speak of Adelaide with the kind of affection not always evoked by feats of town planning. Mr. Dutton can be said to have done well by his country, too, and to have provided a most scholarly and readable account of the forces which went to make Colonel Light the man he was.

VISIT TO CHINA

By a Canadian geophysicist

Mr. John Tuzo Wilson is engaged in a successful career in his chosen field of geophysics—he is Professor of Geophysics at the University of Toronto—but when approaching political matters he is as naïve as they come, and, strangely enough, his naïveté serves him well, and his straightforward first impressions of China do him credit. ONE CHINESE MOON (Michael Joseph. 21s.) is a lively account of a journey across China to Moscow in the cause of the International Geophysical Year. It is both simple and generous in its judgments, making few comparisons with the West. The author says in no uncertain terms that the West is over well-informed with regard to the dark side of the problems in modern China, and he indicates quite plainly that the West is not so well informed "about the pleasant things which are also true and which I did see."

What are we to do with a man like this, bent at all costs on fair-mindedness and a balanced picture? Let us give him his head, enjoy his book, and hope that he is showing us facets of China that will lead to closer understanding in the years ahead. After years of civil war and invasion the Chinese find highly-organised security much to their liking, according to Mr. Wilson. The disease of modern American youth, he concludes, in one of his rare comparisons with the West, is now well entrenched in this Communist state.

The security barrier created by a world war lifts slowly; but John D. Drummond lifts it well and truly in respect of many wartime mysteries in his entertaining book A RIVER RUNS TO WAR (W. H. Allen. 18s.). This is an account by a native reporter of the Clyde's massive part in the Allied effort. Millions of servicemen were embarked and disembarked, Clyde pilots moved 500,000,000 tons of allied shipping and ashore the men and women of Clydeside built over 1,900 naval and merchant ships. Mr. Drummond is a skilled reporter, and he makes the most of the dramatic material he has painstakingly assembled.

Richard Sellier presents a brilliant introduction to African ways and African thinking in his book TWIN BROTHER HELL (Hutchinson. 21s.), which is in factual detail the story of the development of a Gold Coast timber mill, but is in essence an account of the emergence of the new state of Ghana, so rich is the background of the author's presentation. Whatever the final outcome of events in Ghana, the author asserts, it will be fashioned in Africa's own hot, damp way. "There seems to be no revolutionary desire to destroy, although it might come later with one puff of political smoke; but maybe this is not Africa's manner of doing things."

In THE EYES OF THE FEW (P. R. Macmillan, Ltd., London, 15s.) Daphne Carne gives a vivid picture of the work done by radar (then known as R.D.F.) in the Battle of Britain. At the time radar was a very secret weapon. This book reveals the hush-hush work done by the W.A.A.F. Daphne Carne joined up in 1940, at the age of nineteen. With much humour and charm she writes about her fellow W.A.A.F.s, and her life at the station at Rye. She was bombed during a German raid attempting to knock out the installations. It was the first military objective, apart from shipping and ports, to be directly attacked in England.

The late Eric de Bisschop held the revolutionary theory, the very reverse of that held by Thor Heyerdahl and his comrades of *Kon-Tiki* fame, that the numerous cultural parallels between Polynesia and South America were due to Tahitian sea-rovers having visited Chile and Peru in prehistoric times. To prove his theory the sixty-eight-year-old theorist and adventurer set out on a series of raft journeys from Tahiti to Chile and back to Tahiti. He did not survive the ordeal, and Bengt Danielsson recounts the story from the verbal narrative of de Bisschop's second in command, Alain Brun. FROM RAFT TO RAFT (Allen and Unwin. 21s.) may indeed be second-hand, but it does not bear that stamp. Mr. Danielsson knows what sailing a primitive raft across the Pacific can mean in terms of mental and physical endurance.

R. C. E.

Sir Harry Luke, who for many years was Governor-General of Malta, has written an account and an appreciation of the George Cross Island with both the erudition and the affectionate regard which single him out as a scholarly recorder of the Mediterranean. MALTA (Harrap. 25s.) was first published about ten years ago. Now, with fresh material and revisions, Sir Harry has formed a new edition of it and given another chance to those readers who missed the book on its first appearance. It is, I would say, a chance to be seized, partly because of the natural elegance of the writer's style and, more significantly, because of the importance that Malta must always have in our own international affairs. For those who know the island, whether in times of peace or war, this is a book to cherish.

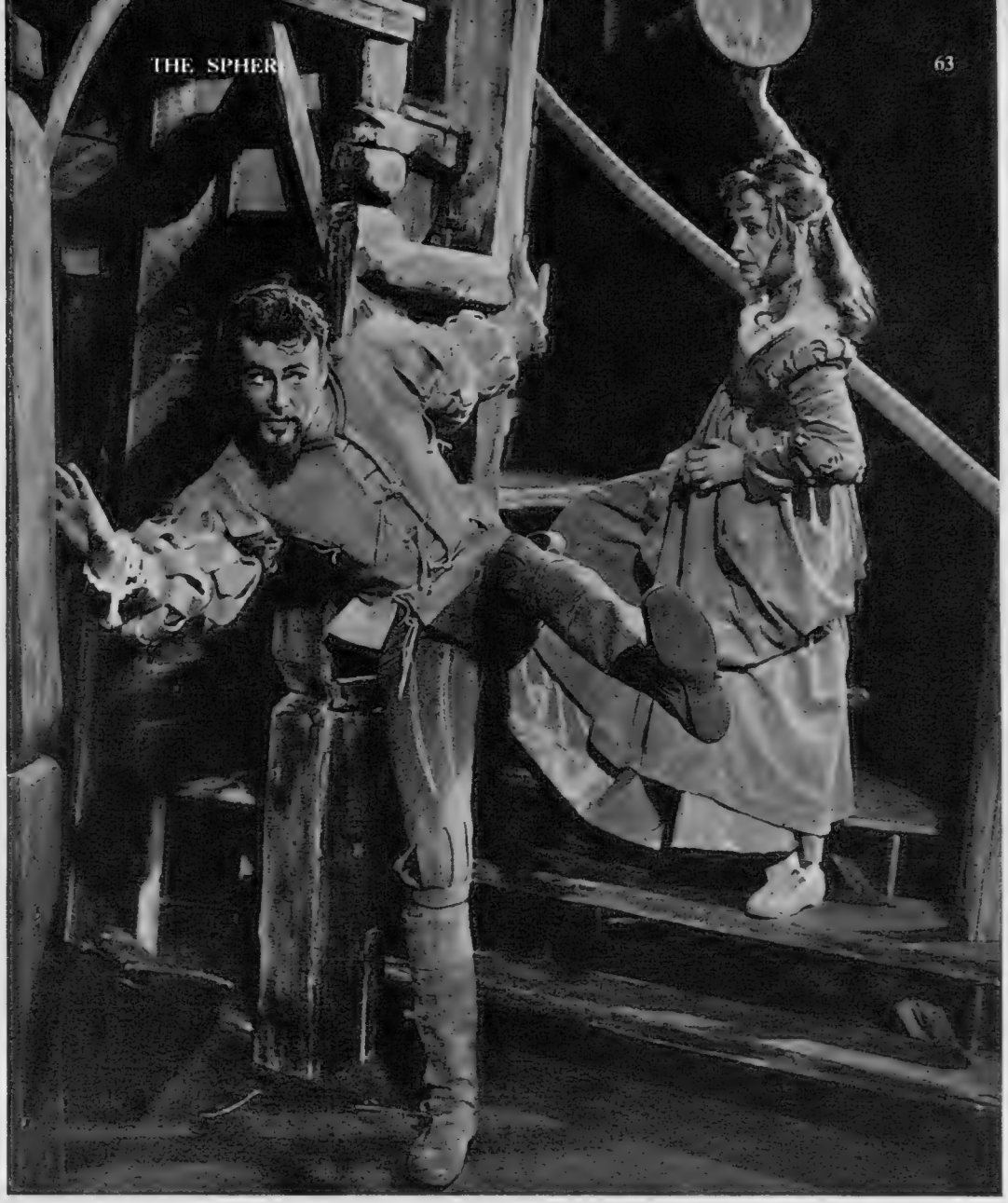
THE COUNTRY BLUES (Michael Joseph. 21s.) has an even more specialised appeal, for this is Mr. Samuel B. Charters' serious and admirably documented work on the Blues singers among American Negroes. As a musical form, the Blues developed out of the work songs in the sugar-cane fields of such states as Louisiana, before the turn of the century, and they quickly became enormously and far more widely popular, although naturally their first success was in the South. Mr. Charters spent years in that part of his native America doing research both on the songs and the singers. The present book is in some sort a musical history of a trend and partly a collection of biographies of the best known of the Negro singers themselves, several of whom are still living and recording the songs most identified with them.

The fifth novel in the series of novels by Mr. Anthony Powell bearing the general title of *The Music of Time* is CASANOVA'S CHINESE RESTAURANT (Heinemann. 16s.), and it must first of all be made clear that it is an entity, complete and satisfyingly readable on its own. Having established that, it should also be added that the reader who has pursued his happy way through the series, or who proposes to go back and, as it were, catch up with the others, now will have exactly five times the pleasure and perhaps a generous bonus as well. Either way, the reader is in for a treat.

The period of the novel is 1936 and 1937, although there is an initial "flashback" to an earlier time to serve as an introduction for a new character. The background is the social, intellectual or experimental one of London, chiefly, in the age when the Spanish Civil War was being fought and was involving people from this world and many others; when ideologies were changing even faster than the people who held or expressed them, and when the climate of sentiment or thought was changing, consciously or unconsciously, but ineluctably. The grace and humour of Mr. Powell's writing is familiar and wonderfully welcome, and so is the acuity of his perception. I enjoyed this new book more than any of his since *A Question of Upbringing*, and that is saying something.

The second novel to recommend this week, though in a different context, is Mr. Peter de Polnay's THE GAMESTERS (W. H. Allen. 15s.), which is a highly entertaining, barbed and all too accurate examination of the habits and lack-of-love lives of a South of France community dedicated to gambling. In Cannes and its peripheral towns and villages, for Mr. de Polnay's instance, live a number of people, English and French for the most part, whose ruling passion is or are The Tables. The Casino is their perpetual lure and their lives outside it are almost completely meaningless. Mr. de Polnay writes with commendable restraint and objectivity, without an atom of censoriousness but with a fine sense of comedy. If there is a moral to be drawn from the story, it is not he who will draw it. If there is a good deal of fun in the reading, on the other hand, it is he who has given it to us.

Vernon Fane



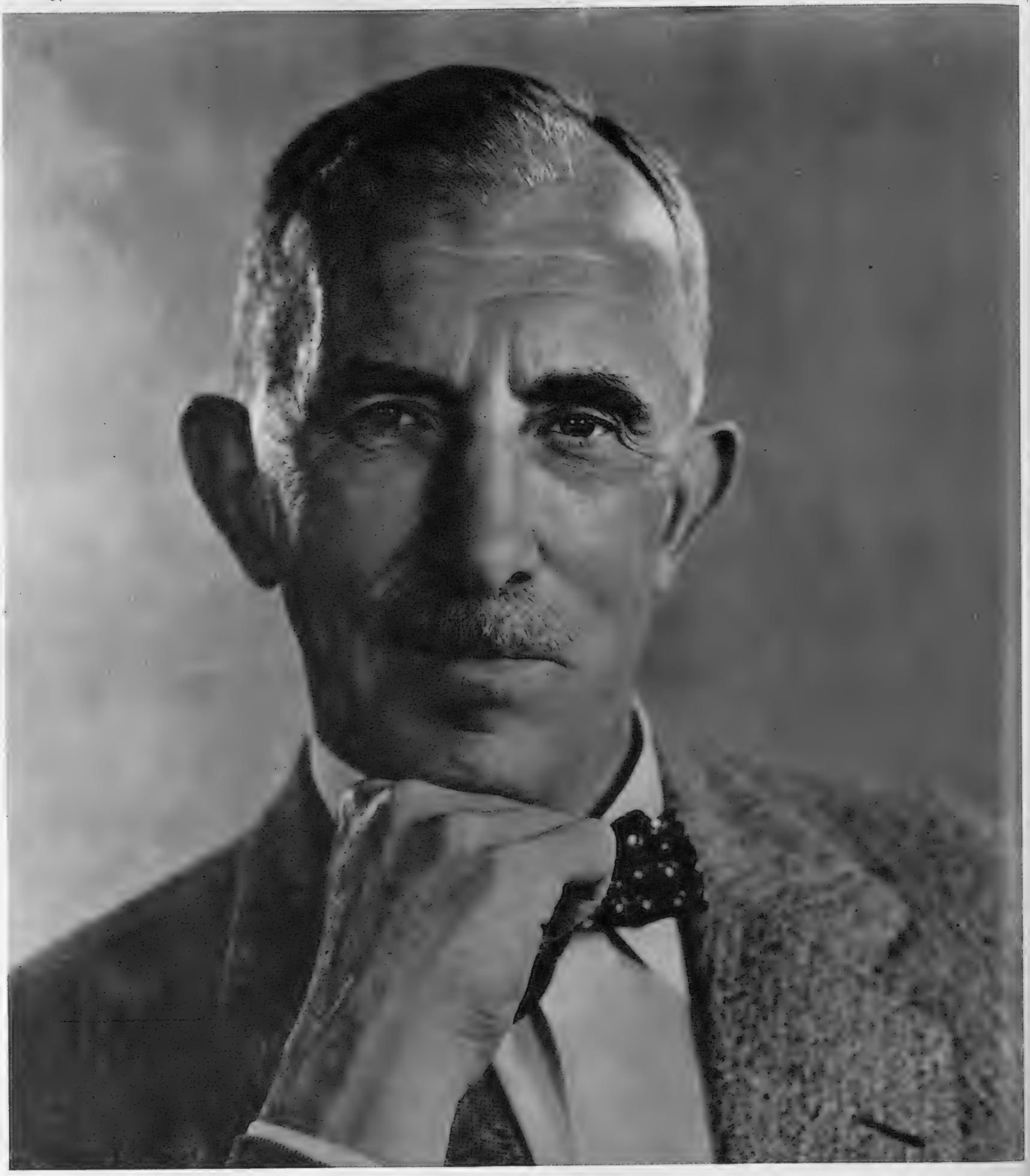
Peter O'Toole as Petruchio and Peggy Ashcroft as Katharina

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

at Stratford-upon-Avon

A consensus of opinion to-day holds that this Shakespearean farce is about as unlovable as Katharina in its early scenes. It presents in cruel fashion the common Elizabethan view that the basis of marriage is economic rather than romantic. A wife belongs, like the rest of the goods, wholly to the husband. The production at Stratford, by John Barton, restricts the action to the courtyard of an inn and manages to keep on stage throughout Christopher Sly, to whom the play within a play is given. The youthful company is led by Peter O'Toole's swaggering Petruchio and Peggy Ashcroft's woebegone, pathetic Katharina.

At the wedding of Petruchio and Katharina, Patrick Wymark as Grumio (centre), wields a blunderbuss



LEADERS OF BRITISH INDUSTRY

Photographed by Tom Hustler

Harry Lyttelton Dowsett

As Managing Director of Dowsett Holdings Ltd. and Chairman of the seven subsidiary companies of the Dowsett Group, Mr. H. L. Dowsett has a highly impressive record of rapid achievement in civil engineering, mining and pre-stressed concrete manufacture in Britain and Australia, and in shipbuilding. He started work on his own account at the beginning of 1939 and formed the first two companies of the Group with a total paid-up capital of only £4,000 between them. To-day the Group's work on aerodromes, docks, shipyards, river improvements, industrial developments, tunnels, road works and railways runs into many millions of pounds. The Group has been responsible for several million pre-stressed pre-cast sleepers for British Railways and has produced millions of tons of open-cast coal in the U.K. and Australia. Harry Lyttelton Dowsett was born in 1907 at Lyttelton, in New Zealand. (At the time his father was establishing the first wireless communications in the Southern Hemisphere.) He came to Britain as a child and was educated in Colchester and London. After serving as an apprentice on the construction and operation of hydro-electric power stations and a period as a special trainee with Metropolitan-Vickers, he gained wide experience in civil engineering and contracting between 1929 and 1938. By the time he was thirty-one, he was in control of a civil engineering organisation employing over 200 engineers and a labour force of 5,000. As long ago as 1941, Mr. Dowsett pioneered the commercial manufacture in Britain of pre-stressed concrete and recently concluded a substantial contract to sell to the U.S.S.R. specialised knowledge about pre-stressed concrete and to supply plant and equipment for factories to be built. The shipbuilding activities of the Group embrace customers in many parts of the world. In 1953-54 Mr. Dowsett negotiated a £7,000,000 contract with the Soviet Union for twenty special trawlers. The Group has an active development programme with projects including machinery for special purposes, mineral separation plant and wind-power units. Mr. Dowsett's hobby is shooting, including big-game safaris in Central Africa

BRITAIN AND THE COMMON MARKET

By "THE SPHERE" INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT

For any correspondent whose remarks in these pages have to be completed some days before they appear in print, any comment upon the current stage of Britain's relations with the new trading blocs of Europe is a somewhat ticklish business. For the most recent stages of the Government's relations with the "European Economic Community," which is the formal name for the Common Market, have been almost bewilderingly contradictory almost from day to day. As I write, the likelihood of any more direct approach to the Common Market is said to have dimmed again: but by the time you read this, it could be in forward gear once more.

With an air of "Will you, won't you, will you, won't you join the dance," British Ministers have been alternatively attacking the whole idea of the six-nation union as a Napoleonic danger to the balance of power in Europe; offering to join a customs union with this Napoleonic band; putting up a Junior Minister, when the reactions to both the negative and positive approach were broadly nil, to suggest that we join at least the Coal-Steel Community in Luxembourg and the Euratom organisation; being somewhat rebuffed, and pretending that no definite proposal of that kind had ever been made at all; then being encouraged by Western European Union, another committee of the same nations wearing different hats, and deciding that after all the proposals were definite and only needed working out. This non-stop performance, with new ideas produced somewhat half-heartedly every week, along with a steady flow of speeches from Mr. Maudling and others declaring that Britain's trading arrangements, however they might turn out, were going along swimmingly, has not elicited any very affirmative responses from the European members of the Common Market, and has at times lacked dignity. It may, however, represent the intellectual throes of a government and party gradually working itself up to make a major change in policy.

This latest diplomatic minuet with the European Six, moreover, cannot have been altogether pleasing for Britain's partners in the European bloc to which this country is already committed—the Seven. The European Free Trade Area—comprising the Scandinavian countries, Switzerland, Austria, Portugal and this country—came into action this week, with cuts of 20 per cent. in the duties on goods from each other's countries. Though E.F.T.A. has tended to be somewhat overshadowed in recent discussions of Europe, and treated rather sniffily as a dubious second best, the fact remains that this is the first major cut in tariffs on any British goods for many years, and represents quite a courageous step in liberalising trade on the part of all the nations concerned.

Among the Six, also, this week marked another step in the reduction of tariffs; these countries have reduced duties on goods traded with each other by another 10 per cent. on top of the initial 10 per cent. that came into force at the beginning of this year. So far as liberalisation of tariffs internally is concerned, therefore, the Six and the Seven are now operating in parallel—though these internal cuts, of course, are not reciprocal between the members of the two different groups.

As yet, also, the big basic difference between the Common Market and E.F.T.A. has hardly begun to operate. Each is committed to make reciprocal cuts in tariffs with the other members; but that is the only obligation for E.F.T.A., and the duties that its member countries impose on goods from outside the association remain a matter of individual choice. The Common Market goes one step further; over the years, its members have to bring their external tariffs on goods from other countries into line, so that eventually countries outside will have to deal with one common set of import duties in trading with the six.

That step has not yet been taken. When it is, in January next, it will really begin to affect trade with countries outside, and with Britain in particular. For the unified tariff to which the Common Market will be adjusting the duties of its member countries will be a relatively high one. It has tended to become an average of the tariff level of the different countries concerned; and there are some members with very high tariffs, such as France and Italy, as well as low-tariff countries such as West Germany, Belgium, the Netherlands, and Luxembourg. As a result, at the end of this year there will be some significant increases in duties on British goods in markets which are at present extremely good customers of ours—while internal duties on similar goods from countries in the Common Market will be moving in the other direction, sharply downwards.

Relations between the two trading blocs are not likely to amount to trade war, but each will be discriminating quite markedly against the other and in favour of its own members. And the countries of the Common Market, at any rate, cannot spare any great regret for this—though certain nations, such as Germany and Holland, are rather more worried about it than, say, the French. This is partly because they are very optimistic about their own trading future. After only one year of preparatory development of the Common Market, they have already some reason for confidence. For all countries in Europe, 1959 was a year of recovery from the mild economic recession of 1958.

But the recovery was notable for two things. The main recovery in trade was within Europe rather than between Europe and other continents—except that many countries, including Britain and Germany, scored considerable successes in exporting to the United States. And even within this internal trading boom in Europe, by far the biggest increase in trade was between the six countries of the Common Market. The export trade of each country with its fellow members of the Common Market has grown twice as fast as their export trade with the rest of the world. They are confident, too, they can achieve a much faster rate of economic growth than they did as separate countries in the late '50's, or than countries outside such as Britain are likely to manage.

This *élan*, which one meets at all points in these six countries, quite outweighs any regret that they have not been able to bring the rest of Western Europe into their economic and political grouping. One certainly meets German businessmen who have not given up the hope that some kind of accommodation can be reached with Scandinavia and Britain, both of which are pretty important markets for them. But they share the general confidence that their kind of united Europe is on some "wave of the future"—and are encouraged in this confidence by the open support of the Americans—while nobody could call the attitude of business inside Britain or E.F.T.A. full of confidence.

Confidence in the future of the Common Market, to an extent which cannot be over-emphasised in Britain, is to a greater extent political rather than economic. The whole rather sorry tale of the British negotiations with the Europeans over the original proposals for a free trade area is now generally accepted as having come to nothing because of this. Mr. Maudling, the most expert economist inside the British Government and a brilliant, pragmatic negotiator, made no headway in dealing with a group who did not consider European trade as more than one facet of the unity of Europe, and not the most important one at that. As a result, the cautious, matter-of-fact approach of our negotiators ran into growing suspicion; British emphasis on the economic aspects of the arrangement was interpreted as a hope, in the long run, of delaying or stultifying its political implications.

General de Gaulle was never originally a believer in European unity; but having inherited the Common Market, he has gone forward with it as a chance to achieve the leadership of the union. The French leadership, indeed, is interpreted by many British observers as barring any chance for Britain to change her mind at this late point and enter the Common Market—no doubt with some of her partners in E.F.T.A.—as a full member. Even if Britain were to screw up the decision to go in, and accept the gradual surrender of sovereignty that the Common Market may come to imply, these people feel, the French would never accept us as members now, because our weight might tend to upset the delicate balance between French political strength and Germany's growing economic strength.

This has become one of those questions that could only be resolved in practice, but which are almost too delicate to be tried with any fear of a negative answer. Political opinion in the Conservative Party, as in the Government, seems to be shifting gradually, with every swing of manœuvre, towards an eventual decision to take the plunge and decide on entering the Common Market. But the Six, with every reason, are content to let Britain thrash out its own problems; they are giving no indications in advance whether they would accept Britain on any terms, and, if so, what the terms for late election might be.

What is the attitude of British industry towards the whole question of the new trading arrangements with Europe? It is certainly not in any degree isolationist. Many people in British industry took the basic hurdle of deciding on a regional trading partnership with Europe at the time when the Government was advocating the whole free trade area; and the failure of those actual proposals has not altered the strength of the arguments that were put forward for a regional trading bloc. At that time, most industries had to examine their own trading prospects with Europe and without it in considerable detail; there were a number of opponents among industries which seemed pretty certain to be hurt, but, on the whole, industries felt that their chances of expansion were at least as good inside Europe as they would be isolated from it and thrown back on some closer economic partnership with the Commonwealth.

Although industrial associations such as the Federation of British Industries were active from the start of the negotiations in examining any possible alternative arrangements—and have not yet given up hope that the common interests of industrialists on this side of the Channel and the other may prove more important than the politician's uncertainties—British industry has never seemed very certain about the value of E.F.T.A. The Seven are important markets for Britain, more so, indeed, than the Six; the economic implications of losing part of our trade with the Common Market countries if at the same time we increase our trade with these other partners, are indeed unlikely to be as serious as people used to calculate. But industrialists' eyes are still focused on the Common Market and the possibilities of more rapid growth there; few of them see E.F.T.A. as more than a temporary arrangement from which some bridge, now or later, can be built towards a wider network of trade partnership with Western Europe as a whole.

Glass fibre is given controlled drying treatment in the long, continuous drying chamber

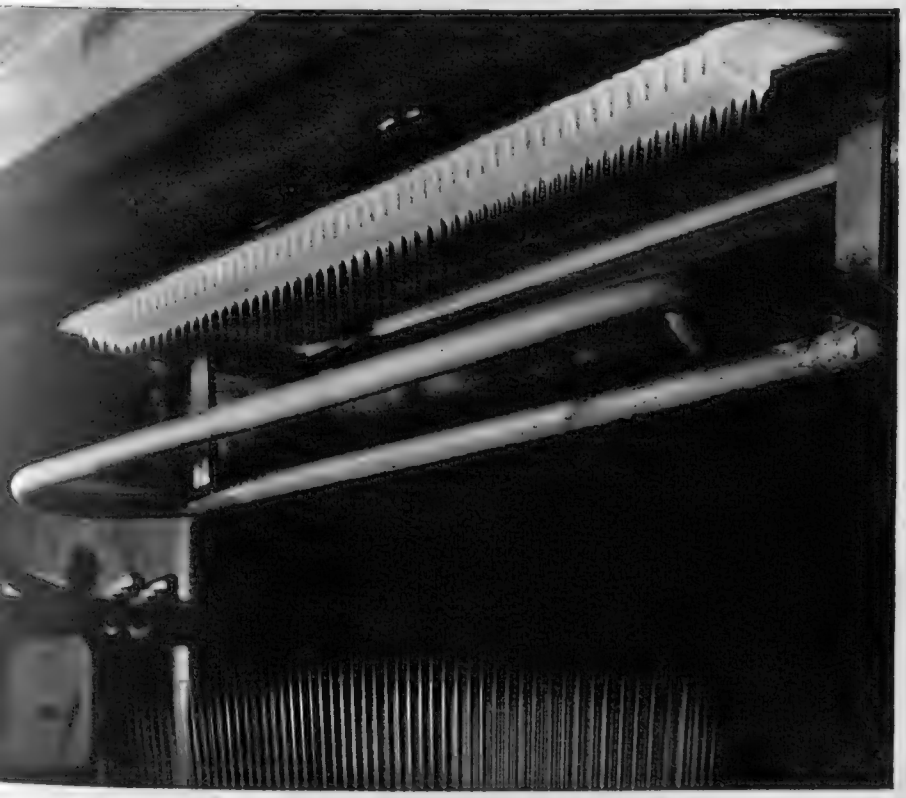
NEW GLASS FIBRE PLANT

The new factory at Camberley, in Surrey, of Glass Yarns and Deeside Fabrics Ltd., a member of the Microcell Group, is the first phase of a major expansion programme for the company. Construction of the plant began in the middle of last year, and large-scale production of glass fibre is already under way. Claimed to be the latest and most highly developed unit in Europe, it produces various kinds of glass fibre reinforcement, using advanced techniques, including automatic electronic control during the melting of the glass, continuous tunnel drying, and electronic testing of the various products. Because of the extra output, the Company has reduced prices and is able to keep up with the increasing world-wide demand for glass fibre. (In the U.S. the demand for plastics using glass fibre as a reinforcing agent rose from 185,000,000 lb. in 1958 to 264,000,000 lb. in 1959.) The fibre is produced in various forms—as chopped strand mats, rovings, yarns of various types, and chopped fibres. These are used in reinforcing plastics which are employed for such things as vehicle bodies, boats and household articles.

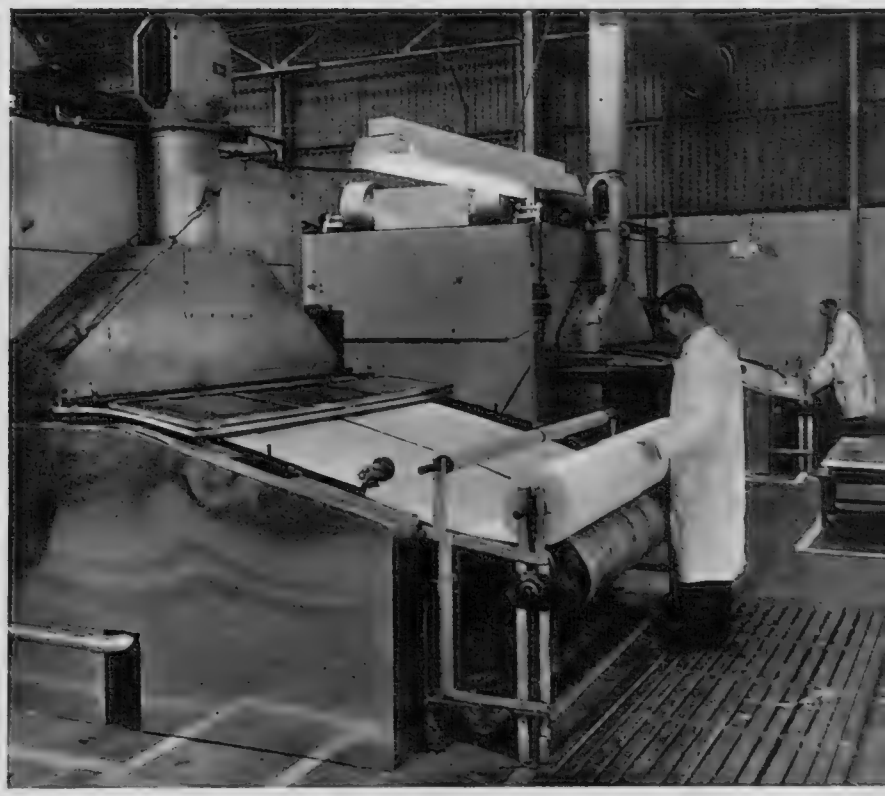
The method of manufacture at the Camberley plant starts with the glass being fed into a furnace, consisting of electrically-heated crucibles. The resultant molten material is drawn through platinum furnaces to emerge as very fine glass filaments. These form the basis of a variety of end products—either bound together into a sheet or mat, chopped into suitable lengths, or twisted into yarn. Glass fibre possesses the greatest tensile strength-weight ratio of any textile fibre at present available. It is heat-resistant, has good heat-insulating properties, and is not affected by oils nor to a great extent by most acids. To-day this man-made material is being used in an increasing number of varied fields.

The fibre is unwound and passed into a cutting machine which chops the strands into short lengths

Glass is fed into the furnaces by an electronic automatic process. Having been melted, the glass is drawn into fine filaments



An electrically-heated furnace from which the molten glass is drawn in fibre form



Fibre is transformed into a mat for use as reinforcing material

WOMEN IN BUSINESS

WINIFRED FARMER

A woman director in the steel industry is interviewed by ***Josephine Parfitt***

She will have an angular face, a deep voice, a brusque manner. She will be wearing a high-necked tailored blouse under a dark tweed suit of severe cut. Before we begin to talk, she will fix me with a cold eye and inquire: " Do you *know* anything about the industry ? " These were among my ungenerous speculations as I waited to meet Miss Winifred Farmer, one of Britain's exceedingly few women steel bosses. For whereas the typical female tycoon of modern times is a far cry from the old, stereotyped image of her kind, it was hard to imagine a womanly woman commanding the heights of Miss Farmer's unusually masculine line of business.

As it turned out, I was wrong about everything but the voice—a rich contralto. Otherwise, 55-year-old Miss Farmer has a round, pleasant face, a comfortably plump figure, and a manner not so much brusque as businesslike. She was wearing a silk spotted blouse cut lowish at the neck under a smart jersey suit. Seated behind her desk in a small, neat office at her works headquarters in Lewisham, she looked more like the headmistress of a prosperous, exclusive girls' finishing school than the director of a firm whose main trade is the export of thousands of tons of structural steelwork.

Miss Farmer in her office at " Stairway House," Lewisham

It is a family business, founded by Miss Farmer's father in 1898. She and her two brothers joined the board when the firm became a limited company, in 1929, and since their father's death in 1938 they have shared the responsibility for running the family heritage. Under their stewardship, it has grown and prospered. Their father started in a humble way with a forge in a stableyard at No. 80, Courthill Road, Lewisham. There, with a few boys for assistants, he turned out wrought-iron gates, railings, staircases, balustrades and other pieces of fine craftsmanship expressed in metal. To-day, the headquarters of S. W. Farmer and Son Limited at " Stairway House," Lewisham, occupy almost all one side of the same Courthill Road; the firm also owns an eight-acre site not far away.

Instead of a handful of boys, there is a staff of some 500, mainly men. Turnover amounts to more than £1,000,000 a year. And although orders still come in for the ornamental ironwork of old (it was Farmer's, for example, who recently supplied the new gates at the Knightsbridge end of Hyde Park) to-day the firm's main products are in heavy engineering. During the war, they made Bailey bridges and after the war Miss Farmer and her brothers began to specialise in structural steelwork for the oil industry. It was a big step forward, and a successful one. During the last fifteen years, they have manufactured gangways, stairs, ladders, guardrails, platework and other supporting steelwork for major oil refineries in Britain and all over the world, from Asia and the Middle East to Spain, South America and Trinidad.

Miss Farmer became a director when she was twenty years old. She used to go round building sites with her father observing work in progress, and under his eye she learned draughtsmanship, the intricacies of drawing up estimates and all the other aspects of a complex trade. Fortunately, she has always had a good head for figures; this and a scrupulous attention to detail are two of the essential skills in an industry where, she points out, " Every measurement has to be exactly right." To the layman, there could be no more striking example of the precision involved than the shipping specifications which have to be provided when a load of structural steel is sent abroad. These documents record in horrifyingly elaborate detail the weight, measurements, number and type of every one of the components right down to the last nut and bolt. Thanks to Miss Farmer, who willingly translated some of the hieroglyphics for me, I now know that the letters XOX before the word " bolt " mean that the bolt in question is hexagonal; and that a ten-by-five steel joist weighs 32 lb. a foot.

Like most women in unexpected jobs, Miss Farmer says she has never experienced the slightest difficulty in working with, and over, men. As she points out, " if a woman is sufficiently in command of her subject, she receives the credit due to her." All the same, she is grateful to her two brothers " for always treating me as a complete equal." The elder of the two, Mr. Norman Farmer, deals with sales and contracts. A well-known supporter of the Conservative Party, he is deputy chairman of the London County Council this year, and it was he who fought North Lewisham in the dramatic by-election of 1957. Mr. Sidney Farmer, the youngest of the family trio, handles the technical side of the business. To their sister-director fall the duties of internal management, policy and finance; "she is the financial genius of the family," as one of her friends explained proudly.

These duties frequently present Miss Farmer with the sort of problems that would turn most women's hair grey in a week. Like the long-drawn-out, brain-taxing process of negotiating contracts, or the worry of unpunctual freight trains in a business where as much as £1,000 a day can be lost if the contractor does not deliver his goods on time. Apart from these day-to-day concerns, Miss Farmer has to keep up to date with all the official pronouncements affecting her vulnerable industry, wading through acres of small print on anything from labour agreements to the latest Finance Act.

Her material rewards include a large house designed by Sir Edwin Lutyens at Keston Park, some ten miles from her Lewisham works; a cottage at Angmering-on-Sea " for escape at week-ends "; and a salary which enables her freely to indulge her liking for good food, the theatre, and powerful cars. Always a keen motorist, she carried off the " Sphere " Challenge Trophy for club motor racing just before the war, for two years in succession, and she now owns one of the new Rolls-Bentleys in sand and sable—" real women's colours," says its owner, sardonically. But her favourite recipe for relaxation is winter sporting. She goes every year to Cortina " without fail "; this year's trip was her thirty-fifth. At home, she entertains a good deal, never plays chess or bridge because " when I 'm using my brain all day I don't want to use it all night as well," but regularly enjoys a round of golf.

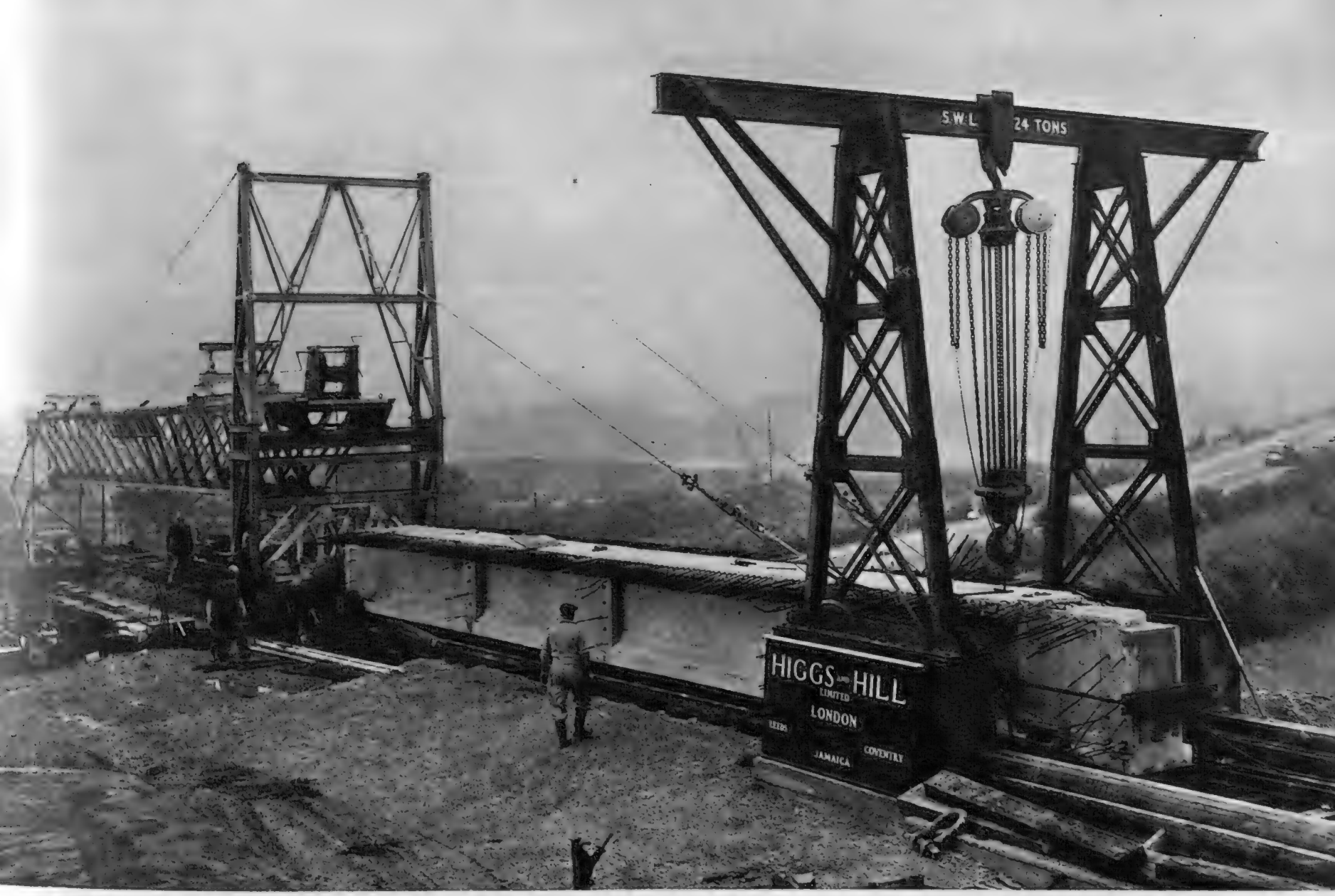
None of these pleasures or possessions, Miss Farmer readily admits, make up for the lack of a husband and children of her own—deeper rewards that would probably have been hers had she not devoted herself so completely to an all-absorbing job. On the other hand, there is the solid satisfaction of having contributed a man-sized share towards building up her father's business to the point where, though small, it enjoys an international reputation for work of quality in its specialised section of a highly competitive industry. An industry where at least one woman has battled without becoming a battle-axe.

BUILDING A VIADUCT

For about a year, Higgs and Hill Limited, the main contractors, have been working on the Wolvercote viaduct which is part of the new Oxford southern and western by-pass scheme. The viaduct is being built at an estimated cost of £400,000, and it should be complete in the spring of next year. When finished it will be about 850 ft. long, and its twelve spans will take the by-pass across the main railway line, the Oxford canal, and the A40 road. The spans are conveniently arranged to straddle the road, railway and canal, and at the same time provide maximum similarity of beams. The foundations consist of 50-60-ft.-long piles, and the precast, reinforced pier legs sit in reinforced concrete pile caps. The deck of the viaduct will carry two 24-ft.-wide carriageways, and two footpaths, which will be 6 ft. wide.

Because of access difficulties on the site, Higgs and Hill have recently launched a fabricated aluminium truss to place the remaining beams, two spans of beams having already been erected. The truss, which weighs about 9 tons, can lay a beam of up to 36 tons. Higgs and Hill Limited are also working on other parts of the by-pass.

A fabricated aluminium truss, weighing nearly 9 tons, is being used on the Wolvercote viaduct, near Oxford



A vast concrete beam acts as a counter-weight to the truss as it is winched along the rails

MOTORING

THE PRICE OF PETROL

A new way of learning to drive; in Belgium for the Grand Prix; and other topics

BY "THE SPHERE" MOTORING CORRESPONDENT

It just isn't true that the recent reduction of a penny a gallon on most grades of petrol by the Big Five oil companies is due to their fear of the enterprising little firm called Jet Petroleum. This is the East Anglian company which is selling petrol at a number of filling stations—one report puts the total at 150—at an average of sixpence a gallon less than the comparable grades of Shell, Esso, B.P., Regent and National. The David versus Goliath battle must be kept in perspective, and that can only be done if we remember there are 36,000 filling stations in Britain and that 90 per cent. are "tied" to one or other of the Big Five by contracts which compel them to sell only one brand of spirit.

A large number of these contracts are now falling due for renewal for the first time, and no doubt Mr. J. W. Roberts, boss of Jet Petroleum, is hoping to tempt some of them to put up his Jet sign. To what extent he succeeds depends largely on the size of the dealer's "margin" he is able to offer. That in turn is governed by the price he has to pay the brokers who supply him with petrol from Germany, Italy and other sources. My own belief is that the Big Five are more worried about the possible invasion of Britain by French, Italian and Russian oil firms who have assured and unlimited supplies of petrol and the resources which would give them more chance than small independent firms of getting a real foothold in Britain.

The recent penny-a-gallon reduction in Big Five petrol prices could possibly be a preliminary move in anticipation of a big price war of this nature. But I prefer to believe it is a more or less routine adjustment of retail prices to the lower cost of crude oil brought about in world markets because there is a glut of oil and likely to be for some time. The Big Five would generate a great deal of unpopularity if they refused to share with road transport—of which the genuinely private motorist forms only a small part—the benefits of cheaper supplies of crude oil.

I went along to London's Grosvenor House Hotel the other day to try out a device which teaches beginners the rudiments of driving without the necessity of going out on to the open road. It is called the Sim-L-Car and was demonstrated by an Aylesbury (Buckinghamshire) firm. It is reminiscent, in a way, of the Link basic trainer in which embryonic pilots are taught how to handle an aircraft without leaving the ground. It will cost nearly £400 and is intended primarily for schools of motoring whose pupils would be able, with its aid, to get the "feel" of driving without moving a yard. This is how it is done: the school chooses a car—any type will do—sets it on a ramp indoors and puts in front of it a screen measuring 8 ft. by 4 ft. While the pupil is "driving" a shadowgraph is projected on to the screen. It is in effect an accurate moving picture of the road along which the pupil is "driving." There are road signs, side turnings, telegraph poles, hedges and trees.

The car's front wheels are placed on a pair of swivel units to give full play to the steering mechanism and to control the picture on the screen in response to the pupil's use of the steering-wheel. The movements of the shadowgraph are also affected by the use of the foot controls. The noise of the car is simulated electronically and a control panel held by an instructor in the passenger seat indicates the pupil's use of gears, clutch and brakes. It contains a speedometer showing the car's simulated speed. "If a pupil touches the side of the road a buzzer sounds inside the car," said Mr. Douglas Wilson, sales manager of General Precision Systems Limited, makers of the Sim-L-Car. "We claim our trainer will help beginners overcome their initial nervousness."

An Austin Metropolitan convertible has been given to Princess Margaret and Mr. Armstrong-Jones as a wedding present by the Car Mart Ltd., of London

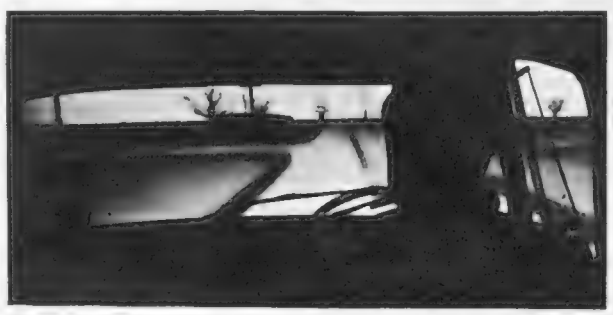
For running around in Belgium while covering the tragic Belgian Grand Prix I used a Standard Vanguard estate car. It was like renewing acquaintance with an old and trusty friend and gave me just the sort of motoring I wanted on journeys over roads of varying smoothness with the need to get a move on now and again and with plenty of room in the back for easily-stowed luggage and equipment. I found the Laycock-de Normanville overdrive (which operates on the top two gears of the three-speed box) a boon on a run down to Bastogne and Luxembourg, through the richly wooded beauty of the Ardennes. The robust but smooth-running 2-litre, 4-cylinder engine gave no trouble at all and my only criticism of the car was that the springing was too hard. I expect its normal suspension had been toughened up a bit for use on Continental roads, which are not so uniformly smooth as those in Britain, especially when you leave the main highways. The Vanguard estate car costs £1,093, including tax.

Belgium, especially the Ardennes, is looking lovely at this time of the year and I could not help thinking that too many Britons overlook the potential charm of a holiday in this friendly country when planning their Continental tours. The food is good, with a strong and beneficial French influence, and I have memories of some outstandingly good meals at places like the Hôtel de la Vallée, a few miles from Spa in the Val d'Amblève. I had other first-class meals at the Restaurant de la Gaichel, near Arlon, right on the Luxembourg frontier; and at the Bristol Hotel, Malmédy.

Malmédy: that's the place where I saw a splendid example of courage at its most indomitable. I refer, of course, to Stirling Moss, that great but luckless racing driver, whom I visited in hospital at Malmédy after he had been seriously injured through losing a wheel practising for the Grand Prix at Francorchamps. He crashed at 140 m.p.h. and escaped death narrowly. He was terribly battered, yet managed somehow to retain his usual perky self-assurance and boyish charm of manner. He never even started to think of the possibility that he might not be able to drive again, or that it might be wise to retire. I can't help wishing he would, though motor racing can ill-afford to lose him. Top-rank drivers are getting pathetically scarce and the deaths in crashes at Francorchamps of Alan Stacey and Chris Bristow brought motor racing almost to crisis point.

Baron Rolf Beck, chairman of the Slip group of companies, seemed in a rather gloomy mood at a party held at London's Institute of Directors to celebrate the sale of I-forget-how-many bottles or tins of Molyslip, an enemy of friction which motorists are invited to add to the oil in their sumps, gear-boxes and back axles. The Baron said that while the British motor industry is doing well in foreign markets it is not doing well enough. He produced a mass of figures to show that while French and German vehicle production has grown 143 per cent. and 157 per cent. respectively, in the last five years, Britain's has gone up by only 41 per cent. The Baron pointed out that while Germany exported 870,000 cars last year, Britain sold only 568,000 abroad. "The export cake is growing larger and larger," he said, "but Britain's slice is getting smaller year by year." He has his facts quite right, but I would quarrel with some of the assumptions he made. What I cannot understand is why he chose such a friendly little celebration party to go off the deep end about an industry which has done very well for Britain.

Personally, I was much more interested in the description he gave me of his Molyslip product. "Molybdenite, from which Molyslip is made, is a metal," said the Baron, "and when you add Molyslip to your engine oil the molecules virtually 'plate' themselves on to the metal surfaces of the engine." Are they trying to blind me with science?



The driver's view of the "road" from the Sim-L-Car on its ramps (right). The driving trainer is described in the article

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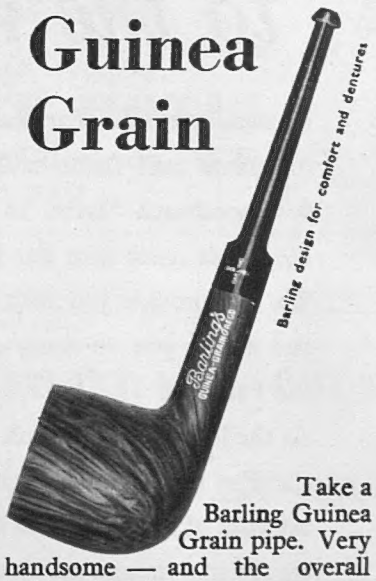

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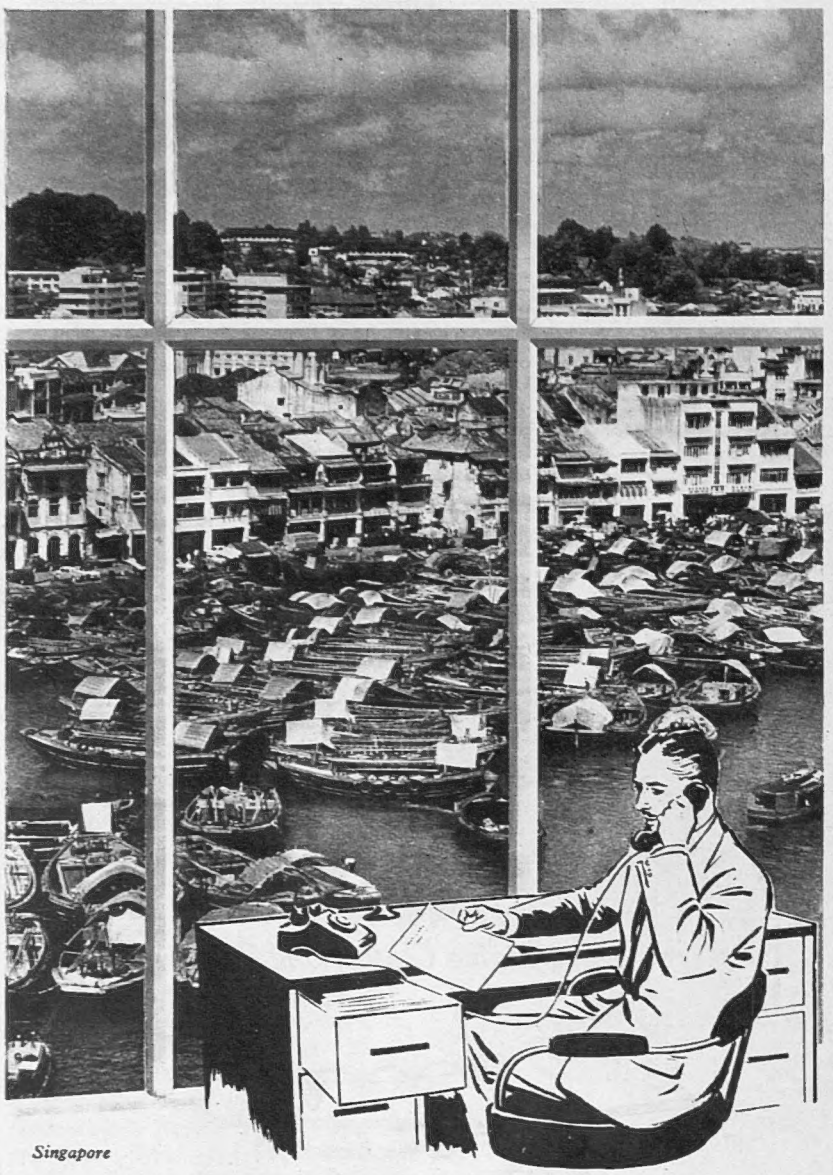

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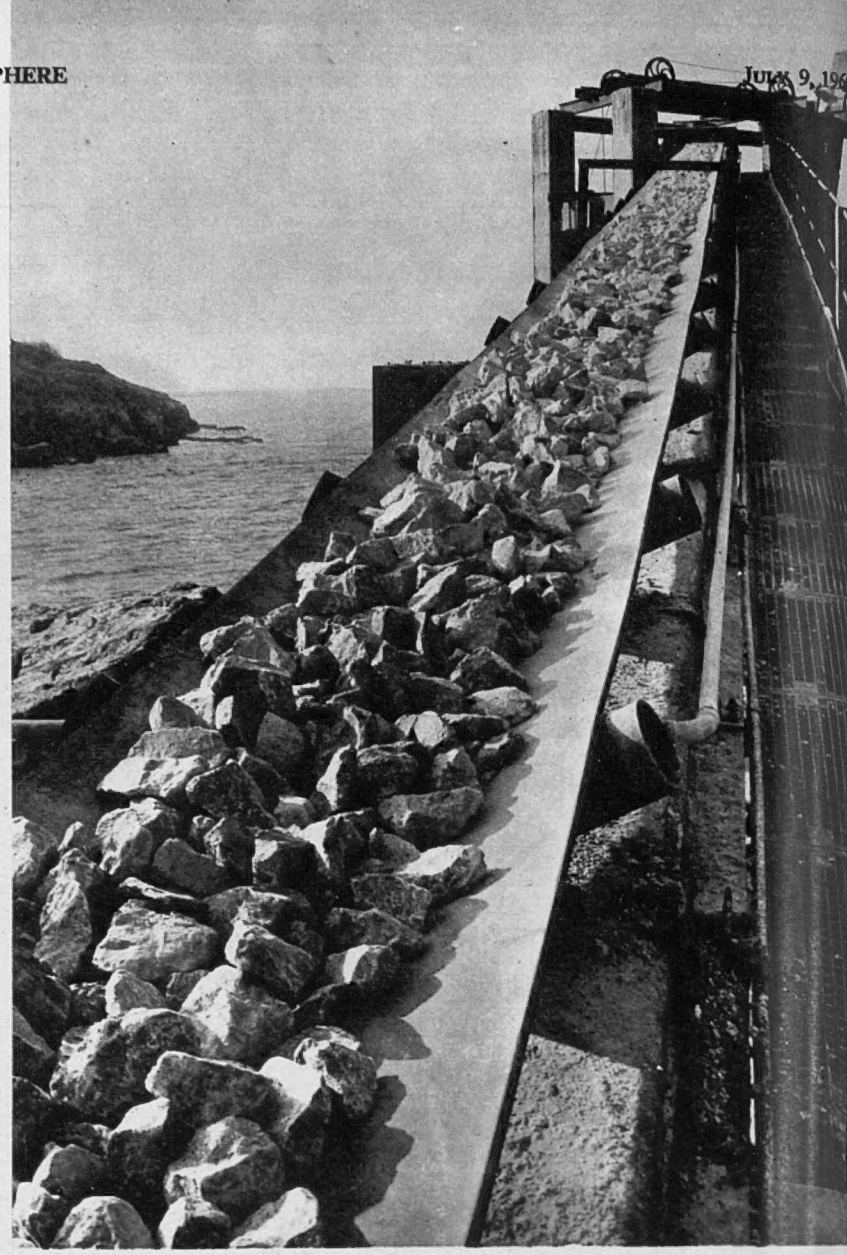

Terylene, a product which is commonly used in the making of shirts, ties and other clothing, is now being used increasingly in the construction of conveyor belts. In the picture above a 150-ft. Terylene/cotton conveyor belt, built by Barrow, Hepburn and Gale Limited, is seen running at a limestone quarry in the West Country. The Terylene, supplied by Imperial Chemical Industries Limited, gives all-round extra strength

EARTH MOVING EQUIPMENT

One of the machines exhibited by Mackay Industrial Equipment Limited at the demonstration, in June, of the Institute of Public Cleansing at Portsmouth, was the Allis-Chalmers H.D. 6G tractor-shovel with ripper. This machine incorporates advanced design and operating features. The single gear-lever, which is conveniently positioned, enables the operator to select four forward and two reverse gears. The forward speeds range from 1.5 to 5.5 m.p.h., and the reverse speeds from 2.0 to 4.1 m.p.h. The H.D. 6G has a dumping height of over 9 ft. and a reach of nearly 3 ft. 9 ins. The tractor is powered by a 79.5 h.p. four-cycle diesel engine

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IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

ADVICE BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to him c/o The Editor, THE SPHERE, *Ingram House, 13–15, John Adam Street, London, W.C.2.*

THE WIND OF CHANGE is rarely stilled. Certainly not in the hotel world, and for the information of regular readers of this column and of my annual publication, *Let's Halt Awhile*, I propose concentrating this week on some of the changes that we have noted of recent months.

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE

IVINGHOE—*King's Head Hotel.* Mrs. H. P. Mainey has disposed of her lease to that well-known restaurateur of Hungaria fame, Mr. Mazzulo. Thus this attractive inn continues to bask in the limelight of gastronomic fame. To the uninitiated, Ivinghoe is seven miles west of Dunstable and thirty-six miles from London. Table reservations are highly desirable. *Tel.:* Cheddington 264.

DORSET

CHARMOUTH—*Charmouth House Hotel.* Commander and Mrs. R. B. H. Johnstone have now acquired this attractive thatched roof house on the bend of Charmouth Hill and at the junction of a lane which leads down to the sea. A most favourable impression was the verdict when our colleague revisited it recently. Here the wind of change is certainly blowing in the right direction.

SHERBORNE—*The Digby Hotel.* Miss K. Chappill is now managing this hotel—and very well, too. Those who knew her in the past (the now defunct *Sundridge Park Hotel*, near Bromley, the *Vincent Rocks*, *Clifton* and the *Poldhu Hotel*, Mullion) will recall that whatever her problems may be she never gets ruffled.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE

CIRENCESTER—*The Stratton Arms Hotel* is the name for this creeper-clad country house which stands back off the Gloucester road and has now evolved from private house to unlicensed residential hotel, and now is fully licensed under the personal direction of Mr. and Mrs. C. Henderson, who have come to the Cotswolds after over twelve years' reputation for good food in the Midlands. An hotel well worth noting in transit to the West Country for a meal or the night, as well as a most comfortable base for a holiday in the Cotswolds. *Tel.:* Cirencester 835.

Near STOW-ON-THE-WOLD, LOWER SWELL—*Farmhouse Hotel.* On the A.436 Cheltenham road, this small four-bedroomed hotel is worth noting for a night or a meal. Here a Mrs. Walpole has taken over from Mrs. Woolley. *Tel.:* Stow-on-the-Wold 232.

THE CHANNEL ISLES

The wind of change always seems to blow favourably over these loveliest isles and on a post-Easter visit this year the following changes were recorded.

GUERNSEY, LES COTILS—*La Fregate.* This gracious eighteenth-century house has been opened as an hotel by Mr. and Mrs. George Hawes (who will be remembered at La Sablonnerie, Little Sark) and is quickly gaining a reputation for cuisine under the craftsmanship of chef Karl Loderer, an Austrian, who is so well versed in his craft that he was probably born with a silver tasting spoon in his mouth.

JERSEY. Revisiting *Sea Crest Hotel* at Corbiere, which is close by the surf bathing beach of St. Ouen, we found that a Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Whitaker (on retirement from West Africa) had taken over this attractive and diminutive hotel—and a very good job they were making of it. A good place to know of for those who seek a secluded corner of this popular island.

St. Brelade's Bay Hotel. Though we were glad to find Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Colley still at the helm (the hotel has been in the Colley family for the best part of a century), we did discover a new look here. Expansive and expensive alterations have given a complete face lift to the hotel, an extra floor of bedrooms in contemporary design and a large number of rooms with private bath.

OXFORDSHIRE

WESTON-ON-THE-GREEN—*Weston Manor Hotel.* This fascinating stone-built manor, whose roots go back to the eleventh century, has once more chalked up a change on its history chart—Mrs. M. L. Sears has retired and Mr. J. A. C. Maule, late of *The White Hart*, Uttoxeter, has taken over. From our knowledge of his experience and energy, we feel sure that he will not allow the grass to grow under his feet.

ASTON ROWANT—*Lambert Arms.* This landmark on the London–High Wycombe–Oxford road has experienced storm and tempest, good times and bad, but now the barometer is set fair; as the directorate of *The Compleat Angler* at Marlow have acquired it, and that means an upgrading of food and furnishing standards. You should sample it for a meal. *Tel.:* Kingston Blount 207.

ESSEX

A large county, but with few hotels of character in relation to its size. Praise, then, to the Milsom family who, in addition to owning *Le Talbooth* (at the foot of Gunhill on the A.12 Colchester/Ipswich road), have also opened 300 yards away *Dedham Vale Hotel*—with fourteen bedrooms (four with private bathrooms) and all most comfortable and tranquil, as the hotel is set back on a side road. Here, will be found the same high regard for food and wine as at *Le Talbooth*.

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE

Like Essex, it is fallow land for good hotels, so note well the small *College Farm House* at Fotheringhay, only four miles off the Great North Road (turn off at Wansford). Of recent months Mr. and Mrs. Bellhouse have taken over from Mrs. Squire, and I am glad to report that it is as inviting and as tranquil as ever. Meals must be ordered in advance, so note the telephone number—Cotterstock 208.

BANTRY BAY, Co. Cork. ARDNAGASHEL HOUSE
25 yards from the sea. An Irish Country House Hotel in glorious scenery, with goggle-fishing, bathing, sailing, or just eating, drinking and lazing. Write R. Kaulback.

BATH, Somerset. LANSDOWN GROVE HOTEL
standing in own beautiful grounds, distinctly individual, with an appeal to all irrespective of age. Every comfort and excellent cuisine. Delightful Cocktail Bar and Grill Room. Week-end dancing. Garage. Tel.: 5891/2/3.

BOURNEMOUTH
ROYAL BATH HOTEL***
For those who can afford the best in appointments, cuisine, service and situation. Orchestra and dancing nightly. Tel.: 25555.

CONNEL FERRY. FALLS OF LORA HOTEL
All touring the Western Highlands should note this charmingly positioned hotel, fully licensed and open all year round. Ideal base from which to visit the Inner and Outer Hebrides, via Oban (5 miles). Own farm produce. Tel.: Connel 202.

DARTMOUTH, S. DEVON. TOWNSTAL HOUSE HOTEL
has a beautiful situation, good food and every comfort. Own garden produce. Recommended by the A.A., R.A.C., and *Good Food Guide*. Tel.: 421.

Nr. EDINBURGH, Gullane. GREYWALLS
A charming Lutyens house within easy reach of city, facing Muirfield Links. Lovely garden. Tennis court. Interesting catering. Licensed. Tel.: Gullane 2144.

KESWICK, Lake District. KESWICK HOTEL
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LLANDUDNO, N. Wales. ST. GEORGES HOTEL
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LONDON. N.W.4. HENDON HALL
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Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Bodill will be delighted to welcome you at their charming country house hotel. Sea. Riding. Golf 2 minutes. Licensed. Tel.: 282.

RAVENSCAR, Nr. Scarborough. RAVEN HALL
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SALCOMBE, South Devon. TIDES REACH HOTEL
on the crest of the wave for outstanding food and wine. Private baths and balconies. Safe bathing, boating, fishing. Adults only. Inclusive daily terms from 43s. 6d. Tel.: 288.

SIDMOUTH, Devon. TORBAY HOTEL
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TROON. THE MARINE
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